# LADIES'

# MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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# MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE interest which has always attached to the history of the beautiful, but unfortunate, Mary, Queen of Scots, has lately been considerably enhanced by the publication of Miss Benger's Memoir of that illustrious princess: a work replete with the most interesting and affecting details. From these volumes we offer to our fair readers a brief, though faint, outline of the life and character of Mary, recommending the original work to the perusal of every reader of taste.

The illustrious, but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, was born at the palace of Linlithgow, on the 7th of December, 1542; and, while yet an infant, was removed to Stirling-castle, to be crowned, according to ancient usage, in the presence of the assembled states.

During the two years subsequent to her coronation, she was permitted to remain at Stirling-castle, in the custody of the Earls of Livingston and Mar; who, at the peril of life and fortune, guaranteed her safety. But, in the rapid progress of the English invaders, she was removed to the Isle of Inchmahom, on the lake of Monteith, a romantic spot, rarely visited but for purposes of devotion; and which, by its position, seemed to bid defiance to a hostile intruder. The charge of her tuition devolved on her nurse, Janet Sinclair, and on her governess and kinswoman, the Lady Fleming, a natural daughter of James the Fourth. Over nurse, governess, and tutors, presided Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager, with all the vigilance of maternal affection, guided by a discriminating and superior intelligence. Sensible that the important objects of education were likely to be promoted by a system of social tuition,

she pursued, with her daughter, the plan she had seen successfully adopted in the Royal Family of France, of establishing in the court a little school, of which all the members should be equally associated as sister pupils. For this purpose, she selected four girls, nearly of her daughter's age, each bearing the name of Mary. With these chosen companions the young Queen willingly migrated from Stirling to Inchmahom; and, either from their example, or the judicious management of her governess, soon acquired a docility and gentleness, which were the more extraordinary, as she appears to have inherited from her father, a keen susceptibility of temper. rarely associated with patience and forbearance. In her seclusion at Inchmahom, Mary was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but her studies were soon interrupted by the appearance of three French gallies in the Clyde. With her female companions she was precipitately removed to the castle of Dumbarton, and from that romantic spot, finally embarked for France, her adopted country.

It was late in the month of July before Mary was conveyed on board the galley prepared for her reception; and, though on parting from her mother, she was seen to weep, no murmur escaped her lips. It was otherwise with her subjects, of whom few could witness, without indignant regret, her departure as a fugitive from her own dominions; and of whom many anticipated danger or treachery to their queen, and to themselves subjection and dependence.

The arrival of Mary in France, was an important epoch in her life. Hitherto, by her mother's judicious care, she had lived with her Maries in the most endearing familiarity; but this sisterly communion was in a manner dissolved, when she found herself, by the orders of Henry the Second of France, invested with the sacred prerogatives of sovereignty. To whatever place she came, the prison-doors were open to all criminals, save those convicted of heresy and treason; and for her sake, the most miserable outcasts were restored to life, to hope, and to liberty. The King of France officially announced her engagement with the Dauphin, and pledged himself to educate her with his own daughters; it became, therefore, a part of honour and propriety, that she should never be withdrawn from his immediate protection, and she was accordingly conducted

to a convent, in which were usually placed girls of royal or illustrious birth, during the elementary stages of education. However, this arrangement was but a temporary expedient, as Henry caused a census to be taken of the noble Scottish families residing in France, from whom he directed a select number to be chosen for the young queen's future household.

In the year 1550, her mother, Mary of Guise, visited France: after a splendid welcome from Henry and his court, she was conducted to her daughter's apartment. At the sight of this princess, whom she found surprisingly improved in beauty and demeanour, the Queen Dowager burst into tears of grateful joy, and hung over her child in an ecstacy of maternal affection. If her improved looks delighted the fond mother, her promising attainments seem to have equally gratified the pride of her Scottish companions; one of whom protests, 'That whether in mind or person she most surpassed other mortals, it would be difficult to determine.' The scene of this interview was Rouen, at which place, Henry detained the two queens two days, in order to prepare for them a carousal, or triumph; after which they made a public entry into Paris.

It was those happy scenes of early childhood, which most endeared to Mary the recollections of France. During a whole year she had the inestimable advantage of her mother's superintendence; and having hitherto been restricted to mental studies, she now varied her pursuits by riding, dancing, and other polite accomplishments. Her uncle, the Cardinal Lorrain, who had early discovered her fine talents, was unremitting in his efforts to afford them cultivation and encouragement. In securing to his niece the solid knowledge of the scholar, the Cardinal was not unwilling to see her invested with those feminine attractions. He engaged for Mary Stuart the assistance of all who were most able to exercise and improve her taste, nor was Mary exonerated from the laborious application exacted of those who aspire to an intimate acquaintance with the Latin language, in which she so far succeeded, as both to write and speak it, with elegance and fluency.

From the age of twelve, the junior branches of the royal family, took their places in religious processions; and on high and rare occasions, were admitted to the evening spectacles. Every afternoon, the princesses assembled in the private apartment of Queen Catherine, where two or three hours were

usually spent in embroidery, with her female attendants; and where it sometimes happened, that an ambassador, or some other great personage, was introduced, whom Catherine de Medicis received with mingled majesty and affability. It was observed that Mary had neither eye nor ear but for her elect step-mother; that she eagerly treasured up every word that fell from her lips, watched her looks, imitated her motions, and evidently was anxious to form herself by the accomplished model before her. Catherine having once demanded of the young queen, why she seemed to prefer her society to that of her youthful and more suitable companions, the polished Mary replied, "That with them she might, indeed, enjoy much, but could learn nothing; whilst in her Majesty's wisdom and affability, she found an example and a guide for her future life."

In these visits to Catherine's apartments, the sombre labours of the needle were alternately enlivened by reading, by reciting verses, by relating stories, and above all, by suggesting devices, which, in that age, formed an essential part of a polite education. Although the composition of devices was, strictly speaking, an art, in which, knowledge and judgment were alike necessary; it had long been pursued by the brave and the fair, with little attention to science or criticism, and without any other requisites than sentiment and taste. Mary Stuart excelled in this elegant species of trifling, and in after-life, the art of making devices soothed many solitary hours of her unhappy existence.

The happiest period of Mary's life was, unquestionably, that in which she lived in comparative retirement; so completely engrossed by her various studies, as scarcely to have leisure for the anticipation of future greatness. Although Mary was at this period scarcely fifteen, and Francis, the Dauphin, some months younger, yet the friends of the former were anxious for the completion of the engagement contracted between them.

Francis was not more unfitted for the pageantry of rank, by an unprepossessing exterior, than by native timidity, and the repelling shyness of his manners. With a disposition affectionate and mild, he was little alive to the pleasures of society; he dreaded its ridicule, and appears to have shrunk from the responsibility attached to his exalted station; but his real or apparent frigidity vanished in the presence of his intended bride, who alone had the power to excite his dormant

energies, to engage his sympathies, and to call forth his affections.

Charmed by her beauty, her graces, and her affability, he already evinced for her a deference and admiration, from which her friends drew an auspicious presage of her future dominion. Of Mary's sentiments, it is more difficult to judge; accustomed from infancy to regard the Dauphin as her future husband, she could neither be shocked by the homeliness of his features, nor disappointed at the deficiences in those athletic exercises which imparted a martial air to other youths of the same age.

On the 19th of April, 1558, the ceremony of betrothment was celebrated with decorous privacy in the great hall of the Louvre. The young couple, conducted by the Kings of France and Navarre, plighted their faith in the presence of the Cardinal of Lorrain, and the ceremony concluded with a ball, which, at that time; formed almost an essential part of every royal

solemnity.

On the 24th of April, the day fixed for the solemnization of the nuptials, all Paris shone. The fair bride was affectionately supported on the occasion by her father-in-law, the King of France. Though she had hardly completed her sixteenth year, her stature rose considerably above the female standard; but so perfect was the symmetry of her form, and so graceful were her movements, that even this lofty height but gave to her person an air of mingled dignity and elegance, that added to her attractions. On this day she is described, as "More beauteous and charming than a celestial goddess, for as every eye dwelt with rapture on her face, every voice echoed her praise; whilst universally in the court and city it was reechoed- Happy, thrice happy, the Prince who should call her his, even though she should have had neither crown nor sceptre to bestow." Her sweeping train was borne by two young girls, whom grace and beauty fitted for the office; her neck was encircled by a diamond carcanet, from which was suspended a ring of inestimable value; on her head she wore a golden coronet, encircled with precious stones, in which the diamond, the ruby, and the emerald, contended for magnificence. When the procession had reached the great door of the church, the king drew from his finger a ring which he gave to the Archbishop of Rouen, who, having placed it

on the young Queen's finger, pronounced the nuptial benediction; mutual congratulations followed, when Mary gracefully saluted her husband by the title of King of Scots. The Scottish deputies followed her example, after which the Archbishop of Paris delivered a suitable discourse.

On the 11th of November in this year, Francis, the husband. of Mary, while assisting at vespers, fainted, and was conveyed. to his chamber. After an illness, which lasted seventeen days, this young monarch was consigned to an untimely grave. To Mary Stuart this blow was irreparable and fatal. Her natural. impulse was to abandon the palace in which Catherine lived. and reigned. But she too well understood what was due to herself not to retire with dignity; she thererefore prudently removed to a chateau, near Orleans, avowedly to indulge in privacy, her unregarded sorrows. But here she was not long suffered to remain. A visit from the Spanish Ambassador excited the quick-sighted jealousy of Catherine, and led her to. ascribe to it an embryo treaty of marriage between the Queen of Scots and Don Carlos of Spain. Alarmed at the suggestion, she signified her pleasure that her daughter-in-law should remove, to a greater distance. Humility was a hard lesson to Mary; but her education had now recommenced; and, for the first time, she began to see men and things as they really were,

Yet slighted as she now was by the Court of France, it was soothing to her wounded heart to receive, both from Catholics and Protestants in Scotland, a cordial invitation to return to her native country. The Protestant chiefs naturally became desirous to win her confidence, and, for that purpose, delegated to the Prior of St. Andrew's, commonly called the Lord James, the duty of offering her their loyal service. It was during her progress from Rheims to Nancy, that Mary met him; and though she had been cautioned against his promises or professions, she not only determined to adopt his counsels, but was evidently disposed to commit herself to his guidance. Disgusted with the artifices of the French court, she found in his bluntness something to inspire confidence; and with that facility which often betrayed her into danger, imagined she had found in him an able adviser. On his part it was impossible but that he should have been gratified by his reception, till, on taking leave, he asked for the Earldom of Murray, which the Queen declined, until she should return to Scotland; this refusal excited in his mind some distrust of her sincerity, since, on his return, he visited Elizabeth, with whom he is supposed to have entered into engagements, incompatible with the loyalty he had lately pledged to his own sovereign.

From Rheims, Mary proceeded to Paris, into which she made a public entry, far different from that which she had once anticipated, but more flattering to female sensibility than any formal homage that could have been rendered to the crowned consort of the sovereign. All the princes of the blood, with a brilliant company of cavaliers, met her at the gate of St. Denis, and followed in her train to the Louvre. The next day she was conducted to St. Germain's, where she soon observed that a complete change had taken place in the language of the court.

Here Mary resumed her classical pursuits, which had lately been suspended, and devoted two or three hours every morning to the perusal of a Latin author, with the learned Buchanan. At her leisure she was encircled by the most celebrated bards, who cultivated her fine taste, and stimulated her to the exercise of a native talent for metrical composition; and she often produced extempore poems, illustrating some idea happily struck out in conversation.

Mary sometimes wrote poems of a higher cast, which breathed taste and feeling, and were even tinctured with a certain classical elegance, rarely exemplified in any cotemporary female productions. If Mary drew attention as a poet, as a minstrel she was captivating; her voice was melodious, and she never appeared to more advantage than when she touched the lute, with a hand which presented a model to the sculptor. The susceptibility of her character imparted a touching expression to her countenance, which would have excited interest without that symmetry of feature and form, by which she was distinguished; added to these powerful attractions, the pity inspired by her sorrows, the vicissitudes of her romantic fortune, the difficulties of her situation, the perilous prospects before her, all conspired to engage sympathy, and to kindle enthusiasm.

Her friends now became importunate for her to return to Scotland; and, to accelerate her departure, obtained from Cathe-

rine a loan, which was highly acceptable. The next preliminary was to obtain from Elizabeth a safe conduct; which that Queen refused, alleging that Mary had never ratified the treaty of Edinburgh. On receiving this communication, the keen sensibility of Mary's temper burst forth in an interview with the English ambassador, and she thus gave vent to her feelings: "There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself, as to require of the Queen, your mistress, that favour which I had no need to ask,-I needed no more to have made her privy to my journey, than she doth me of her's. I may pass well enough into mine own realm, I think, without her passport or licence; for, though the late king, your master, used all the impeachment he could, both to stay me, and catch me, when I came hither, yet know I came safely; and I may have as good means to help me home again as I had to come hither, if I would employ my friends."

In a subsequent conversation with the ambassador, Mary, from a sudden impulse of the heart, thus expressed her secret

forebodings:-

"If my preparations were not so far advanced, perhaps the unkindness of your mistress might stay my passage; but now I am resolved, I trust the winds shall prove favourable; but even, if I should be carried into her kingdom, she may do with me according to her pleasure; and if my life be the sacrifice, it shall perhaps for me be the happier fate."

In this short speech may be discovered that mixture of melancholy and dignity, of womanly softness and youthful desperation, that pervaded her character. Her feelings were afterwards embodied in the elegant little song of "Adieu plaisant pays de France," deservedly admired by every reader of taste from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century: The following is an elegant translation of this favourite song:—

FAREWELL to thee, thou pleasant shore,
The lov'd, the cherish'd, home to me
Of infant joy—a dream that's o'er—
Farewell! dear France, farewell to thee.

The sail that wafts me, bears away
From thee but half my soul alone;
Its fellow half will fondly stay,
And back to thee has faithful flown.

I trust it to thy gentle care;
For all that here remains with me
Lives but to think of all that's there,
To love and to remember thee.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### SHARP WORK.

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Cromwell's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being discovered. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him, to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he could give him any positive proofs, he should be well rewarded. The spy followed his business so closely, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White (as he was generally called) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, repaired to the chamber; and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with great presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector, turning to the young woman, exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse Mr. White the honour he would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, with a very low curtsey, replied, " If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him."-" Say'st thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell. "Call Goodwin; this business shall be done before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to retract; his brother parson came; and Jerry and the lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her £500; which, with the money she had saved, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, although they lived together nearly fifty years.

# To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

THERE are at present in London many Exhibitions, which, if the denomination were not a manifest pleonasm, might with propriety be called Optical Spectacles. The oldest of these, I believe, is "the Panorama;" concerning the etymological signification of which term, a lady of my acquaintance lately requested information: with a view to oblige her, I drew up the following observations, which I have sent to you for publication, if you should think they will interest or amuse any of your readers.

More than two centuries ago, it was the fashion to designate collections of biographical and literary anecdotes by words terminating in ana. Thus arose a numerous species of publications; among the more celebrated of which were the Scagligeriana, the Casauboniana, and the Menagiana. So much notoriety was attached to these works, that the term "ana," as a specific denomination, obtained a place in Dictionaries and Encyclopædias.—We have a class of words rapidly obtaining currency in our language, which, though not likely ever to become so numerous as the anas, will yet, in all probability, ere long be sufficiently so to require insertion in our Vocabularies. They are the various terms formed from the Greek noun orama, which denotes a view, or prospect; and is derived from the Greek verb orao, to see. All the words of this description hitherto in use, serve to designate various kinds of paintings, or rather various contrivances for exhibiting painted representations of the works of nature or art.

The Panorama, (so called from the Greek neuter adjective pan, all, and orama,) is a picture of any scene viewed from a circular platform, whence a prospect appears on all sides. The painted canvas, of course, surrounds the platform, somewhat in the manner of a hoop, and the scenery is lighted from above. In some of these exhibitions,—particularly the admirable views of Athens and of Venice, at the Panorama in the Strand, a few years ago, nothing but the absence of motion in the figures of men and of animals, distinguished the traits of the artist's pencil from the lines displayed by nature. There is now exhibiting at the same place, a view of the Roman city of Pompeii, which, having been overwhelmed by

an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the 79th year of the Christian æra, was discovered about a century ago, and has since been gradually laid open to the inspection of the curious antiquary. This panoramic scene, though not so well adapted for such a display as some others, is yet highly interesting and worthy of attention.

The Diorama, (derived from diorao, to see through,) is an exhibition consisting of views lighted from above and behind, and so arranged as to admit of various degrees of light and shade being thrown on the picture, in such a manner that the objects change their effect, as in nature. The part appropriated to the spectators is circular, and turns on a pivot. It includes a wall, two-thirds of a circle, with two openings to admit a prospect of the painted views. By means of transparent and opake curtains before the windows, various effects of light and shadow, and different gradations of colour, are produced.

The building in the Regent's Park, in which this exhibition takes place, was planned and executed under the direction of Messrs. Pugin and Morgan, the design for the elevation of the edifice having been made by Mr. Nash. The work was finished in four months, at the expence of £9000. It was opened October 6, 1823. The views then exhibited were the Interior of Trinity Chapel, in Canterbury Cathedral, and a scene in the Valley of Sarnen, in Switzerland. The proprietor has just announced, that these views are about to be exchanged for others, by the same artists, Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre.\*

The Peristrephic Panorama, (from peristrepho, to turn round,) as exhibited at Spring Gardens, displayed twelve views of the Battle of Waterloo, &c., in which the different events of that memorable engagement were successively represented.

The Cosmorama, (from Kosmos, the world,) an exhibition in Regent-street, consists of views seen through glasses of a high magnifying power. There are two sets of these views, seven of places in Europe and America, and seven of places in Asia and Africa. Though the scenes are taken from all the four quarters of the world, there is something rather too assuming in the name of this exhibition.

<sup>\*</sup> See Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, No. 4.

The Myriorama, (from murias, a myriad, ten thousand,) is a combination of cards, on which are fragments of landscapes, admitting of a vast variety of arrangements, and capable of affording agreeable and interesting amusement.

The Naturorama, (a hybrid word, aukwardly derived from the Latin natura, nature,) is the name given to an exhibition in Bond-street. It displays models of various objects, persons, and scenery, seen through glasses; and requires no particular notice.

M. J.

### A CURATE MADE HAPPY.

Dr. Brown, who was many years Bishop of Cork and Ross, observing one day, at a visitation, a stout country parson in the consistory, with a tattered gown and an old wig, particularly examined him as to the state of religion in the parish in which he officiated. The clergyman, who felt that honest poverty was no disgrace, answered the bishop's questions with good sense and modesty; and said, that he was a curate, of about forty pounds a year, for which he did the duty of two churches; that he had a family of eight children, and not being able to afford a horse, he walked every year up to the visitation, a distance of thirty miles. He added, that if it were not for the additional labour of his own hands, with those of his wife, and eldest son, they must want the necessaries of life.

The Bishop heard this artless story with much attention, and praising the conduct of the clergyman, said he would take the first opportunity that occurred to him to better his situation. With the Bishop of Cork, to fulfil a promise, was a point of duty, and not a matter of convenience; and in less than three months, he presented the curate of two parishes with a living, worth between four and five hundred a year. The poor curate, on receiving this intelligence, hastened to town with the whole of his family, to thank his generous benefactor; the Bishop was pleased with so unsophisticated a mark of gratitude, entertained the whole family with great hospitality, and when they took their leave, presented each with some domestic gift.

## TO LADIES AT HOME;

BY A FRIEND TO WOMAN.

"Home! sweet vale of life, where wisdom loves to dwell With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined."

HAVING passed a few pleasant hours, the other evening. with a small party of fair friends, who, by a happy chance, I found not only at home, but with all the gently complacent feelings, attached to that sweet retirement from the bustle of the world, smiling in their faces, I took the two last numbers of The Ladies' Monthly Museum out of my pocket, and, as apropos to the occasion, read to them the few pages which contain the "rational Thoughts on the fashionable Term called Coming out."-The perusal produced much amusement; exciting sportive remarks in some, and sensible rejoinders in others; while, indeed, most seemed sorry the writer had cut his observations so short, when he just appeared ready to open all the arcana to woman, of rationally charming.-Two or three of the party, it must be confessed, shook their heads, and declared the old cynic meant to prevent women from trying to charm at all.-"If that privilege be denied us," cried they, "our sceptre is lost with man; for, unless woman can a little bewilder his brain by the spells of beauty and the graces, he generally feels more inclined to treat her as a slave, than regard her as a companion."

Pardon me, ladies, but that I deny.—And also permit me to say, that "to bewilder his brain," or to charm his fancy and his reason, are two different operations. The mistress of an hour may find her interest in doing the one; the wife of his bosom, must study to effect the other.

—I have been a husband; I am now a widower; and meaning, for the one dear sake, to remain so, may now be allowed to be a disinterested councillor to the fair sex on this talent of rationally charming.—And since the author of Thoughts on Coming out, has thought fit to lay down his pen, I trust he will deem it rather a compliment, than an

encroachment, that a friend to woman, true as he may be, takes up the cast gauntlet against the follies of the times, and thus addresses a few thoughts to Ladies at Home.

While writing of the degree of consequence in the scale of creation that may be assigned to the human form, Divine, as poets may term it, two extremes are sometimes adopted: one, exalting it to the first rank; others, degrading it to the last; but the golden mean, the true opinion, must hold a more equal balance-Astrea's self, were she to take the scale, must weigh the rival merits some way in this wise:-The body, being as much a part of the human creature as the mind, must be respected as its helpmate, at least; it is, in fact, the medium through which the soul sees, feels, and acts.—By its outward expression of our internal thoughts, we convey to others, a sense of our opinions, hopes, fears, and affections: we communicate the love excited within ourselves; and, in the participation, kindle it responsively in others: we enjoy, not only the pleasures of the senses, but the delights which shoot from mind to mind, in the glance of an eye, the pressure of a hand, the whisper of the heart. -Shall we then be exonerated in despising this obedient vehicle of all that passes within the invisible soul? Shall we contemn it, as a mass of encumbering clay, a piece of incipient corruption, fitter for the charnel-house, than the bosom of a being created an Image of God.'-These ascetic ideas may be consistent with the cold superstitions of the ancient heathen stoics, or with modern fanatics, who see neither beauty nor joyfulness in the works of the bounteous Lord of nature; but the fair judging mind, which acknowledges a beneficent purpose in all the Creator has formed, while it disdains the idolatrous devotion which the voluptuary pays to his corporeal half, regards that indeed inferior composite part of himself, as man, with the respect due to it as the instrument his Maker has made for the developement of the soul's powers-powers which spring in time, to grow through all eternity.-"Reverence thyself!" saith the sage of old; and he prcnounces the command, not only with reference to the mind, which dictates, but to the body, which executes.-He who created the human frame, constructed it not only for usefulness, but adorned it with loveliness; and what he has

made so pleasing, shall we affect to despise?—Indeed, the very approving, and innocent pleasure we all feel in the mere contemplation of beauty, whether in man or woman, a landscape or a flower, is a sufficient witness that the gratification which pervades most hearts, on seeing beautiful objects, was implanted there by the Divine Framer of all things, as a principle of simple delight, as a motive for social attraction.

To this end, then, my gentle friends, I seek to turn your attention-from exhibitions in a morning, and mere assemblies at night,-upon yourselves; but not only to the cultivation of your mental self, to that also of its fair and moulded clay, the sacred temple of the mind; the inferior variety of yourselves, indeed, which vanity too often inclines you to egregiously overvalue, while a mistaken humility, on the other hand, would as frequently lead you to neglect as altogether worthless .- Mothers, of the most estimable stamp, may, perhaps, look grave at this my opponent stimulous to such variety.-But I call them to recollect, that it is "good all things should be in order;" and that if female youth are not taught in which way they are to conduct themselves, to please that part of the creation for whom they were expressly formed to be "the better half," they will fall into the by paths, and cross roads, which must inevitably lead to the worst consequences.-Even the outside of a woman, that is, her dress as well as demeanor, give evidence of what are really the habits of her soul. But this is a period, when absurdity, shamelessness, and cupidity, in the shapes of tire-men and tire-women, range themselves in dangerous ranks round female loveliness and propriety; and to preserve these feminine graces in their purity, few men would think it beneath their dignity to wield their pen.-A learned philosopher even, observes on the subject, that "taste requires a congruity between the internal character, and the external appearance; and the imagination involuntarily forms to itself an idea of such correspondence. First impressions, (he observes,) are, in general, of considerable consequence; I should therefore recommend the female world to take care that their personal aspects should not convey a forbidding idea to the most superficial observer."-Another writer, the very oracle of the graces, has declared that "a prepossessing exterior is a perpetual letter of recommendation."

shew how different such an exterior is from a vain, or an extravagant shew, is one purpose of my present discourse to my Ladies at Home; and I trust in their good sense for the result of my reasoning; namely, that while the gift of beauty may be considered an advantage to be grateful for; it is only an advantage, while used with maidenly discretion, which virtue, in the female bosom, regards modesty as grace, simplicity as elegance, and holds consistency as the charm which rivets the once-attracted heart of a well-judging man. That I may do thoroughly what I mean to do at all, I shall not make apologies for entering rather minutely into the details of my subject .- Hence I remark, that I have often blamed as impolitic, as well as uncandid, the austerity which condemns all pleasurable attention to personal mien and adornment.-Is it not more reasonable to direct the youthful mind to that just medium between negligence and nicety, which preserves the person in health and comeliness, than by leaving a young woman ignorant of the real advantages of these possessions, render her liable to learn the truth in the worst way, from those who might teach her to overrate her gifts from nature, or, perhaps, to affect what she did not possess, by meretricious arts?-Indeed it is always dangerous, as it is unjust, to give disguising representations to young minds; for once finding that their instructors have designedly led them into the dark, they are ever afterwards inclined to suspect their evidence; and error, disappointment, and open disrespect, become the usual consequences.-Let girls, advancing to womanhood, be told the true state of the world into which they are going.-Let them know its real opinions on all the subjects connected with themselves, as women, companions, friends, relatives.-But fail not to shew them, at the same time, where the fashions of the day might lead them wrong; where the laws of heaven, and the bent of society, would keep them right.-Listen to me, ye mothers!-Let religion and morality, be the basis of your daughters' characters; the artists may then adorn the structure, without any danger to its fabric.—When a girl is clearly instructed in the great purposes of her existence, that she is an immortal being, as well as a lovely woman, you may, without fearing ill impressions, shew her, that as we admire the beauty of the rose, as well as esteem its medicinal power, so her personal

charms will be dear in the eyes of him, whose heart is occupied by the graces of her yet more estimable mind .-We may safely teach a well-educated girl, that virtue ought to wear an amiable aspect; that it is due to her excellence. to adorn her comely apparel.—But she must never cease to remember, that it is Virtue we seek to adorn-not a merely beautiful form; for that, if without the charm of intelligence. is a frame without a picture, a body without a soul; a statue, which we look on and admire, pass away, and forget .-We must impress upon her principles, that while beauty attracts, its influence is transient, unless it presents itself as the harbinger of that good sense, and purity of heart, which can alone satisfy the lover, and secure the affections of the husband.—"But how are we to proceed in all this?" enquires my fair friends. "How," added one, smiling, "unite the toilette with such grave graces?-I fear the little sylphs of the first, would fly, like scared birds, from the heavy atmosphere of the other!"-turn to my next page, my dear young lady, and you shall see!

(To be continued.)

#### TOMB OF THE TWO LOVERS.

AT Tarentum, there was to be seen, in the time of Valerius Maximus, a sepulchre, which was known by the name of the Tomb of the Two Lovers. It contained the remains of M. Plautius and his wife, Orestilla. Plautius had been sent, by the senate of Rome, to conduct into Asia a fleet of sixty ships, belonging to the confederates; he put on shore at Tarentum, where his wife, Orestilla, had agreed to meet him. While there, Orestilla took ill, and died. Her remains were placed on the funeral pile to be consumed, according to the manner of the Romans, and it only remained that the last offices should be performed, of anointing the dead body, and giving it a valedictory kiss. But this last adieu, Plautius was unable to take; preferring to have his ashes mingled with hers, to the pain of surviving her, he fell on his sword, and expired. His friends lifted him up, dressed as he was, and laying his body by that of his wife, burnt them together.

## SUSAN DE SERET \*\*\*\*\*\*.

OR AN INCIDENT AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAMPIANS, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

(Concluded from page 315, Vol. XIX.)

'Twas evening: Sol just tinged the tops of the western hills with his farewell beams, and the pious and amiable Susan had retired to an ivy-twined arbour in the garden, and was giving her "meed" of thanks to the "Good Supreme," as Henry arrived:-he stopt,-he looked, and saw her in the act of genuflection; -he listened; "Grant, my Father in Heaven," said she, "if consistent with thy designs, that I may yet see my earthly parents." Henry could restrain himself no longer; he leaped into the garden. Susan had arisen, and was departing when Henry threw himself before her-"Behold your brother!" he exclaimed.—Susan shrieked. Tute rushed to her assistance, and caught her in his arms; he looked in anger at Henry, and demanded, in a peremptory tone, to know the cause of his re-appearance.-" Blame me not," said Henry, "she who now leans upon you, is my sister!"-Honest Tute was confounded, and stood speechless .- "This is no time for delay," said Henry, "let us have an explanation."-They walked together into the cottage, and Tute confirmed the truth of what Henry had already heard regarding the manner in which Susan was found; adding, that a gang of gipsies had passed the country the same day that event took place, and that it was his opinion, as well as his neighbours', that she had been stolen by the gipsies, who, perhaps, being afraid of detection, had left her in the place where she was found; the dear cherub," continued Tute, "could only lisp her name; my wife (rest her soul!) was charmed with the babe, and she has been cherished, and brought up with the same love and affection which could have been shewn to a child of my own."

During Tute's recital Susan was all tremour, and "ever and anon," did she cast sidelong looks at Henry, and apparently was lost between hope and fear. "It is now my turn to speak," said Henry, the big tear of joy and affection glistening in his eye; "well do I remember the hour on which my dearest Susan was snatched from my side; the impression made upon my in-

fantile mind is never to be eradicated; it is fresh in my fancy as the incident of yesterday:-After a sultry autumn's day, Susan and I were carried out to taste the pure air of evening: it was an evening just similar to the present; the sooty blackbird, with mellow pipe, gladdened our little hearts, while the humming beetle attracted our childish attentions; we had been left by the servants, and were seated on a grass-plat, under an avenue of trees which led from the house to the main road; at a short distance, I saw an old woman hobbling towards us; with iealous care she crept along and seemed to avoid observationher dingy and malignant countenance, her faded and tattered habiliments of reddened hue, "by nursery tale" well known, were torn, and they placed the connection with the vagrant tribe beyond a doubt. I was terrified, and in the impulse of puerile fear, I threw myself on the grass, and hid my face from the object of my abhorrence; after I had lain in this manner till my fear had a little subsided, I ventured to peep up and look around me: I could not see Susan, and I therefore cried; my plaint brought the servants, whose negligence in leaving us unattended was so culpable; they were panic-struck at my tale, and went in every direction in search of Susan; but it was to no purpose, the old gipsy eluded them, for it was not once doubted that she had kidnapped the child; and they were therefore obliged to return and communicate the affair to ----." Henry was proceeding, when he saw Susan's face lighted up by an unusual degree of animation; a glimmering of early scenes had moved across her memory, like the broken shadows of the dreams of infancy; she started up, and took Henry by the hand-"You are indeed my brother," said she, "why should I doubt it?"-" Yes," cried Tute, "often, when in these now withered arms I carried you, have I heard you sob and cry for Henry."-" And," said Susan, "do my parents live?"-" They do live," replied Henry, "to be made happy in the possession of their long lost child."-" Heaven be praised, for having heard my prayer," said Susan. "And which you will soon see fully answered," added Henry.

To describe the feelings of Henry, the still unsatisfied joy of Susan, or the gladness of the rustic Tute, is impossible; during their mutual congratulations, the wearied Pedlar had retraced his steps; and 'ere he wist, he found himself at Tute's hospitable threshold; he was received with hearty welcome,

and a corner of the 'ingle-side,' time out of mind the 'Pedlar's portion,' was given to him. As the evening was advanced, and the Laird of B\*\*\*\*\* (Henry's father,) being then in Edinburgh, it was agreed that the night should be spent under Tute's humble roof, and that all particulars regarding Susan should be communicated to the Laird next morning by letter. The time whiled away in conversation, in the course of which, Henry discovered that Tute was a man of superior intellect; till lately he had continued to inherit, as his patrimony, a neat tenement with a patch of ground adjoining, situated in one of the most beautiful and sequestered parts of F---. He had been denuded of his property in consequence of a flaw, either real or pretended, in his titles; and, with a sorrowful heart, he had been obliged to leave 'the place of his fathers,' and take up his residence on the spot which he now occupied. At an early hour next morning, Henry dispatched a messenger to Edinburgh with a letter to his father. The Laird was a man of sound judgment and great penetration; his love for his children had been intense; with agitation he devoured the contents of the letter: he thought that Henry must have been misled; it was couched in positive language, however, and he felt inclined to give credence to it; under this impression, he ordered his travelling carriage to be got ready, in order that he might be fully satisfied on the subject; in the meanwhile he waited upon his lady, and requested her to accompany him in an airing, to which she assented. Lady B\*\*\*\*\* possessed exquisite taste and highly-polished manners; she had always been of a delicate habit, and the shock which her tender feelings had received through the loss of her daughter, whom she had ardently loved, had never been overcome; and the most trifling circumstance in any one way connected with her daughter, tended to raise to the keenest degree of sensibility her feeling as an affectionate and sorrowing parent. Thus situated, the Laird saw the necessity of preparing, in some measure, his lady for an interview which she so little anticipated, and in the course of the ride he did so with admirable nicety; as they drove in sight of Tute's house, Lady B.'s emotion was obvious. For a considerable time Henry had expected and watched the arrival of the carriage; and the moment it came in sight, he informed his sister, who, together with Tute and the Pedlar, came to the door of the cottage; they were standing under the umIn cases of dubity, where irrefragable proof could not be acquired, the minds of the spectators or the parties interested have been by internal impulse fully satisfied; just so did Laird B. and his Lady feel the moment they cast their eyes on Susan—Nature yearned in them, and with trepidation did they throw themselves out of the carriage and embrace their child; the scene was affecting in the extreme—the angelic Susan leaning on the 'fair fragile form' of her mother, while Laird B. with manly composure, supported them both; the officious endearments of Henry, the 'wistful wondering' looks of Tute and the Pedlar, who stood in the back ground, all conspired to render it one of the most interesting scenes imaginable.

After the agitation necessarily consequent on such a meeting had a little subsided, Laird B. addressed Tute, who satisfied him regarding the precise time and manner in which he found Susan, stating various minor circumstances connected with that event, which, when his lordship put together and weighed in his mind, for ever set to rest the faintest shadow of doubt which might still have lurked in his heart; he clasped Tute cordially by the hand and proffered him his services.—
"All I request," said Tute, "is sometimes to be allowed to hold converse with that angel," pointing to Susan; "she has been my solace these last twelve years I have lived, and although my happiness is now completed in seeing her restored to that dignity to which she belongs, I feel myself but ill-prepared for a separation."—"By Heaven," said the Laird, "you shall never part with her." Tute shook his head.

The Pedlar had remained a silent observer; the Laird turned to him, but oh! what were his feelings, when in the sombre shaded Pedlar, he discovered the soldier who had been his deliverer, for the Laird was the identical person, in assisting to rescue whom from the hands of the assassins, the Pedlar (then the soldier) had received the wound in his right hand which caused his discharge, and who, by a strange concatenation of events, was now placed before the Laird; this was a second surprise which he felt less able to stand than he had his interview with Susan, for which he had in some degree been prepared by Henry's letter, and he had found himself obliged to assume more firmness than perhaps he did possess

at that moment, in order that he might be the more able to support his Lady at the crisis; the Laird's meeting, then, with his brave deliverer under such circumstances, wholly unmanned him; he showered down upon him ten thousand thanks, and insisted that from henceforth he should leave his perambulating

life, and take up his residence under him.

"In assisting you, I but barely did my duty," said the sententitious Pedlar, "and I am more than recompenced in seeing you preserved to the happiness of this day." A most comfortable dwelling was provided for the Pedlar. Henry was the old man's daily companion; he delighted in hearing him recount his battles; and, in his moment of greater animation, the Pedlar would, in the spirit of a real military man, shoulder a bludgeon, and in idea, 'fight them over again.' In pursuance of certain resolutions, the Laird had caused his agent to examine the title-deeds of Tute's patrimonial estate; who, after he had perused them minutely, did not doubt that Tute was surreptitiously stripped of his property; an action of restitution was immediately instituted against the illegal possessor, which Tute had been prevented from raising on account of his pecuniary wants; the result was favourable, and Tute was again put in possession of his heritage. While the plea had been pending, Laird B. and family often visited Tute, and after he had been placed in his former residence, a regular correspondence was kept up. Susan took peculiar delight in shewing to Henry the beautiful and romantic scenery of F-"There," would she say to him, "under that moss-covered cliff have I sat for hours in the calm evening revolving my fate. and bringing before my mind's-eye a fond and endearing parent, or a playful brother or sister; pleased with the sweet, though melancholy, emotion it produced, I have indulged the 'dear delusion,' till the cowering-ring-dove reminded me that the shade of night approached, and that it was time to retire." Tute was charmed by the visits of Susan; he viewed her with honest pride.'-If she had not received from him what is called by the ton a fashionable education, she had been put in possession of one, at least, far more lasting and substantial, with which she now blends the more refined and polite accomplishments of high life; the consequent result is-that she possesses beauty without coquetry, and sensibility without

affectation. She is far from being displeased at the rusticity of Tute, and she never leaves his house without a recollection of past scenes, and a promise to visit him again.

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Laird and Lady B. now enjoy that heartfelt satisfaction to which they had been strangers for so many years. Calm as the summer's ocean, their day now passes over, and their evening of life approaches in that sweet serenitude, which is the never-failing consequent on virtue and piety.

R. S.

L.

#### LADY GRANGE.

A STRIKING instance of the arbitrary state in which Scotland was held in former times, both in public and private affairs, is exhibited in the melancholy fate of the wife of a Lord of Session, whose title was Lord Grange. It was suspected that the lady, by some means or other, had got at the knowledge of some state papers of infinite consequence; and as poor women are set down in the minds of all arbitrary men, to be incapable of keeping a secret, Grange and his son were determined to secure the one contained in the papers in question, by putting it out of the lady's power to divulge any thing she knew of the matter. To accomplish their design, the husband and son privately conveyed her to the island of St Kilda, there put her on shore, and left her to shift for herself; and sailed back again, without a living being having missed them, or suspected what they had executed; nor could the lady's place of concealment be discovered by her friends, although they made every effort in their power to find out whither they had conveyed her, but to no purpose. The island of St. Kilda afforded no implements for writing, and the lady's history would never have been known, had she not worked it on her muslin apron with her hair. Her family, by some means or other, after her death (which happened at St. Kilda, near thirty years after her banishment), got possession of this curious piece of work, and preserved it with great care, as a memorial of her sufferings, and of the tyranny of the times in which she lived.

## HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA,

WITH

Anecdotes of its Brofessors, Ancient and Modern.

(Continued from page 329, Vol. XIX).

"I shall never forget," said my friend one day to me, "a most delightful week I passed with David Garrick, at his charming country-seat at Hampton.—It is indelibly impressed on my mind, by many rich and glowing images, social, literary, and poetical.-Elysian walks; lively, and sparkling conversation; interesting, and animated reading; heart-felt, and ardent recitations; but modelled, and chastised by nature; diversified, embellished, and inspirited the time. Its pleasures, nay I may call them raptures, were crowned with the presence of Mrs. Garrick.-We designated her the fair priestess of the sanctuary of Shakespeare. Allow me to describe her.—Her temper was amiable and festive; her person lovely; her understanding discriminating; her humour easy; her wit brilliant; but these perilous endowments never wounded their object, the lenient balm of true feminine softness, seemed to place a rose-leaf on the point of every dart.—Her name was Eva; and her admiring husband often applied to her the description of Milton's Eve-Grace was, indeed, in all her steps!—How present with me, even now, after a lapse of many years, is one bright evening of that my visit to Hampton!-Garrick had then but recently finished the erection of the temple he had consecrated to Shakespeare, on the banks of the Thames.—It stands on the margin of the river. At the higher end of this temple, in its alcove, or recess, and on an elevated pedestal, there stood (and I trust it stands now!) a fine marble statue of that divine poet, the work of Roubillac .- The figure reclined, on a low pillar; while its attitude of ardent thought, and almost inspired meditation, represented in a very striking manner, the beautiful and energetic passage, of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."-The furniture of the place, was adapted to the character of its enshrined inhabitant.-Its ornaments were, the lyre, the flute, the comic mask, the tragic dagger; and other emblems, which reminded us of the father, and the soul of our drama; a bard of the truest afflatus, equally powerful to exhilarate, and to transfix the heart.-This temple of Shakespeare, and

# Had I a Cave on some wild distant Shore.

A DUET.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

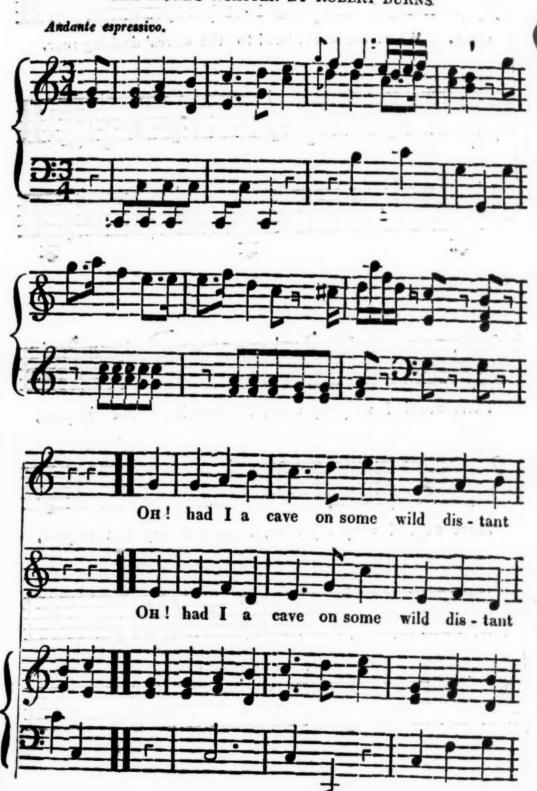
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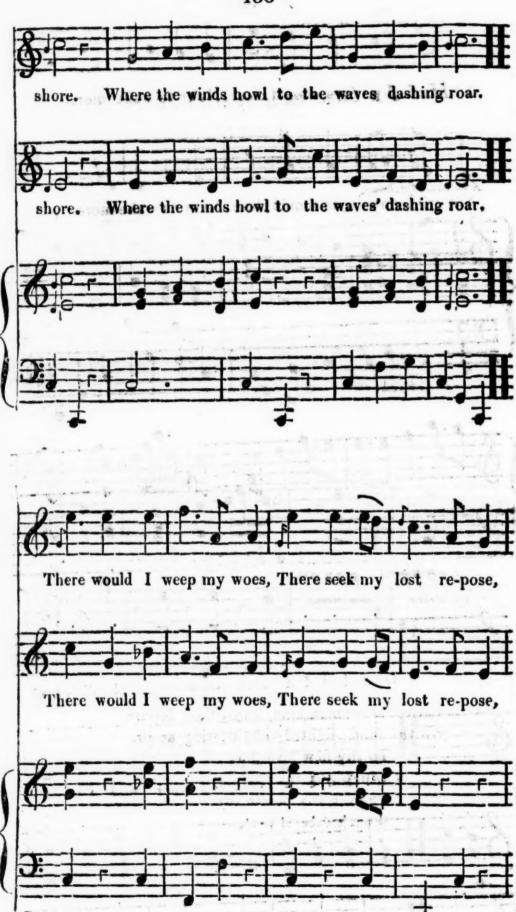
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Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.



Till grief my eyes should close. Ne'er to wake more.





Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air.

To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there

No. THE.

# The Lover's Lute.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.



of all the muses, was environed, and embowered, like an earthly Elysium, with all those votive honours from the sylvan deities which were worthy so sacred a fane. There the liburnum, the magnolia, the cypress, the weeping willow, the laurel, the myrtle, and the greatest variety of roses, mingled their foliage. and diffused their fragrance, round this consecrated spot of that unbounded genius; who, like him who had caused it to rise, was equally master of the heroes, the lovers, or the festive strain.-By the side of the Thames, a long walk, bordered with the richest flowers, and blossomed shrubs, led to the temple; while the god of its majestic stream, as his urn poured transparently along, seemed to pay his floating homage to an aggregate of British glory, It was a calm and beautiful summer evening. when Mrs. Garrick proposed we should take our coffee in the Temple of Shakespeare. We approached it through a subterraneous passage, cut through the ground, beneath the Hampton road, which runs between Mr. Garrick's noble mansion and his garden that bordered the river .- It must have been a very torpid soul, that would not have been awakened, even to something like a corresponding animation, by the groupe of imagery which there presented themselves to my eye, and roused imagination!-Female eloquence and dignity threw their mild, but commanding; lustre around us; the sweets of Grecian Arcadia seemed to offer its incense to the deified son of Avon.-Under his almost breathing statue, I beheld Garrick seated, his high-priest and his oracle; while from social and cheerful converse, the interchanging thoughts of friendship in the frankest mood, he sometimes stole an upward look to his tutelary god, of silent enthusiasm,but, ah, how eloquent, from the eyes of Garrick!—The stillness of the evening, and its serene sky, smiled on the scene.-Forty years, which have passed over my head since then, have not faded one of its Elysian tints .- Allow me, my friend, to recapitulate still more of those golden hours .- (The venerable man I quote, not only indulged me with conversations on the great actor, now no more, but at times our epistolary correspondence ran on the same interesting subject.)

"It happened," continued my animated narrator, "that one morning when I called on Garrick, his wife was to be from home for the day; he was unwell, with a cold, and requested me to remain with him. I gladly accepted the invitation; and never more enjoyed his unreserved and brilliant converse.—It was also

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made memorable to me, by many reflections, useful to my then early manhood, on the fleeting and unsatisfactory objects and pleasures of this transitory scene.—" I have more than tasted most of them," observed the illustrious speaker, with a smile; " fame, as the most intoxicating; but still there is a panting after immortality within us, of a different nature from any thing this sublunary world can afford us."-He also gratified me with more anecdotes of his private, as well as public life.-I observed to him, that acting, even the most arduous parts, must now be so easy to him, from native genius, and long habit, that whenever he appeared on the stage, he could not but feel as free from inward agitation, as while then talking with me.-He replied, "No;" adding, that whenever he was to enter on the public representation of any dramatic part, and particularly a new character, he still felt a great degree of painful anxiety to preserve, if not surpass, the reputation he had acquired."-All his conduct, with regard to the theatre, indeed corresponded with this declaration. He was as attentive in preparing himself for the complete promotion of his part; and, during its performance, maintaining its appropriate dignity and heroic spirit; or its more comic vivacity, or ludicrous character; at the last hour he trod the stage, as in the first. He never dined on the day he acted; but, about two o'clock, ate some light pudding, or a crust of bread, with a glass of white wine.—On that day, likewise, he declined seeing any visitors; it was his custom to pass it alone, mostly in his library, or, when at Hampton, (which is not more than an hour's drive from London,) walking in his garden. He was then in close communion with spirits of his mighty genius; meditating on the fire, the graces, or the humour of the character he was to play; -he was holding high converse with the soul of Shakespeare, or, rather, they were blending souls .- He was throwing his active, versatile, and ardent genius, into the exquiquisite dramatic contours of that great poet; he was kindling and dilating his own mind, to fill the imaged bosoms of a Macbeth, a Hamlet, and a Lear; and bring them, in actual being, before the eyes of an astonished and enraptured world.—Being well acquainted with his principal habits, I took care not to intrude on his acting days; but, on the morning of one of them, I was obliged to invade his privacy on a very important affair to us both. Our business was dispatched in five minutes; he resumed his contemplative air, his abstraction into the object of

the night; and I immediately retired .- This devotion of himself, (if I may be so allowed the expression,) to the character he was to assume, was uniform during the whole of the evening, on the stage, and off; ending, indeed, only with the catastrophe. In this respect, Garrick was an eminent, and silently authoritative. example to the other actors; an example, however, which many of them were of too subordinate minds, to see the noble and useful ambition of emulating; others, vain enough to suppose they could be super-excellent, in the most careless starts from trifling dissipation of their thoughts, to their professional business on the stage.—The green-room is usually a place of general and lively conversation; but, when Garrick re-entered it from the dramatic scenes, he avoided the social intercourse, retired to a remote seat, and still gave to his part the possession of his thoughts.—I have since been told that Mrs. Siddons has done the same. - Envious and little minds have attributed this high mental abstraction to pride and self-importance; and, by such persons, the like may yet be attributed to those causes; but true intelligence will easily discern and appreciate the actual motives.

Garrick's genius was one which felt an enthusiastic admiration of any great cotemporary talent of whatever description; and when he first appeared on the London stage, his young and ardent ambition yearned to try his skill before the judgment of Pope.—That bright sun of poetry, was then fast approaching his glorious setting, in an ether of literary glory, without a cloud;—but before his death, the newly-arisen Roscius had the satisfaction of hearing the plaudits, even to enthusiasm, of this venerable Cicero of the muse.—It happened that the poet, then in a very weak state of health, came to the theatre on a night Richard III. was to be performed; and it was in the artful, the flaming, the impetuous character of Richard, that the splendid genius of Garrick had first burst on the public.

"When I was told," said he, to me, "that Pope was in the house, I instantly felt a palpitation at my heart, a tumultuous emotion in my mind, that rather wound up my energies, than appalled them.—I was then in the prime of my youth, in the blaze of my theatrical fame; the point of one of my greatest ambitions was then before me; and it gave me particular delight, that it was to be in Richard that Pope was first to see and hear me!—As I opened my part, I perceived the venerable little man, dressed in black, very pale, but with a brilliancy of look that never could be mistaken, seated in a side box, near the stage,

and viewing me with a fixed attention.—His gaze shot, and thrilled, like lightning, through my frame; and, for a moment, I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety, and from joy.

—As Richard gradually absorbed me in itself, and the fires of the character rolled its own thunders, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring hand of Pope covered me with laurels."—Garrick was afterwards told, that on the falling of the curtain, the veteran poet turned to one in the box, and with much earnestness said—" That young man never had his equal, as an actor; and he never will have a rival!"

We have read, in classic commemoration, the rare felicity, and national pride of the Athenian republic, when the tragedies of Sophocles, and Euripides, were acted in its theatre; and their cotemporary and most renowned statesmen and generals, made part of the audience. We also have on literary record, similar examples of the happy fortune of France in the reign of Louis le Grand, when the dramatic genius of Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, were displayed in the presence of Condé, or Turenne. And now in our country's theatrical annals we may shew as bright a page-Shakespeare, and played by Garrick; and the audience, the poet of nature and of man!-But statesmen, orators, and generals were equally eager to bring their suffrages to his merit.—The last century well remembers the celebrated Charles Townsend, a man who shone as brilliant for social wit, as his senatorial eloquence.—He was the Edmund Burke of his time.-" I have been honoured," said Garrick, one day to me, "with many elegant compliments; but none came more delightingly to my ear, than two or three words, uttered by my right honourable friend Charles Townsend."-One of his acquaintance of the House of Commons, met him on a forenoon in the street; and after the first compliments, and the news of the day had passed, he informed him there was to be a privy-council in the evening, where, if he went, he would hear a most interesting question debated."-" With all my heart; go who will," returned Townsend, "I shall certainly not attend it, for Garrick plays Kitely to-night!"-Indeed, persons of all ranks and ages, seemed to concur in bearing testimony to the unequalled powers, and therefore attractions of this father of the stage. I will offer another instance.—One evening I went to see him in Sir John Brute, a part which greatly contributed to display the striking distinction in his comic vein.

A fine looking old gentleman, of a very intelligent aspect, chanced to sit in the same box with me .- During the intervals betwen the acts, we entered into conversation; and I found he had passed most of a long life in London, and was intimately acquainted with the drama, as a regular visitant to the theatres on nights of the best performance.-He well remembered Colley Cibber, Betterton, and Booth; and other actors of name, their cotemporaries: but, he said, he would be doing Garrick injustice, to compare him, with even the best of them.-In the scene where Sir John Brute is discovered falling asleep, and with a rude, broken, and gradually dying away soliloquy; which is perfectly suitable to his character, and intoxication; in that scene where the fictitious inebriation, and stupified slumbers (in appearance) of Garrick, must have been delightfully disturbed, with the reality of immense and prolonged rounds of applause,-the old gentleman whispered me-"Good God! to what will the stage be reduced, when that man has left it!"-I repeated this, the same evening to Dr. Johnson, whom I met at supper; and then I remarked, "In the midst of such general admiration, how pleasing it was to find its object still so easy amongst his familiar associates."-" Sir," replied the great British sage, "you are very right in your observation on that fact .- Garrick has undoubtedly the merit of a temperate and unassuming behaviour in society; -- and of a truth, more pains have been taken to spoil that fellow, than if he had been heir-apparant to the empire of India!"-I regret here to remark also, that our celebrated moralist had so much of the infirmity of human nature left in his generally upright mind, as seldom to speak of this resplendently admired man, without an affected air of contempt mingling with his own commendations.

Garrick from his regard for an old friendship, which had commenced in very early life; and from his veneration of learning and extraordinary talents, long bore Johnson's irrepressible occasional rudenesses to him, with an amiable candour and indulgence.—But his patience was at length worn out, and their gradual coolness ended in a total estrangement.—But there are times in which ingenuous sentiment will counteract the ebullitions of the most gloomy and jealous passions.—I have often witnessed this in the learned Doctor, whose sole infirmity, perhaps, were that gloom, and that jealousy of tem-

perament.—I remember trying this, one day, in consequence of Garrick having said to me with a sigh-" I question whether my qoundam friend, would, in even his most unprejudiced moments, allow me any part of the high theatrical merit which the public have been so liberal in attributing to me!" I told him, but with a smile, that I would put the philosopher to the auto de fe. - Accordingly I was not long in paying my respects in Bolt-court, (where Johnson then lived,) and found him in a happy moment of sound health; consequently in one of his most social and urbane moods; and I began a conversation which naturally led to the mention of Garrick .-I said something on the immense applause which had thundered from the house the preceding night, on the performance of Lear; and then added-" But pray, Dr. Johnson, do you really think he entirely merits such prodigies to his theatrical fame, above all his countrymen."-" Oh, sir!" cried he, looking suddenly, and powerfully up, from under his dark brows;-"he deserves every thing that he has acquired, for having seized the very soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world."

I was not slow in communicating to Garrick the answer of the great oracle.—The tear started in his eye.—"Oh, my friend," said he, "such a praise, from such a man!—this atones for all that has passed."

(To be continued.)

#### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

OLYMPIAS, the mother of Alexander, was of so unhappy a disposition, that he would never allow her to have any concern in the affairs of government. Olympias used frequently to make very severe complaints on this account, but Alexander submitted to her ill humour with great mildness and patience. Antipater, one of his friends, having one day written a long letter against her to the king, the monarch on reading it, said, "Antipater does not know that one single tear shed by a mother, will obliterate ten thousand such letters as this."

# THE IRISH WEDDING;

OR,

### The Beir of the Castle.

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(Continued from Vol. XX. page 321.)

WE now change the scene to the village of Dunfinny: the servants of the castle, and the tenantry of the estate, had been apprised of the approach of their new master, and all was expectation for his arrival; and fear that he should not equal in excellence and indulgence the last possessor of the domain.

At the distance of about a mile and a quarter from the castle of Dunfinny, lay, between the estate and the high-road, a river over which all passengers were obliged to be transported by means of a ferry. The owner of this ferry was a man of no uncommon character for the country of which he was a native; his age at most twenty, his height at least six feet; his father, who had been an industrious, honest man, had given him the best education, simply of reading and writing, which the village could afford; and his transmutation from utter ignorance to these simple acquirements, had led the unfortunate youth to believe that he was possessed of the most profound knowledge and brilliant genius, and that nothing was wanting to him, but an opportunity for displaying his talents, in order to raise himself to a station of eminence in society. These ideas had never suffered him to apply with that perseverance to any avocation which could ensure him success in his endeavours; and ever since the death of his father, which was now five years, he had been a dabbler in every trade, which was exercised in his village; and had succeeded so ill in his various attempts at excellence, that he had been reduced to return to his mother, and live with her upon the scanty profits of the ferry-boat, and accidental pence which she earned by letting "dry lodging," to the benighted traveller.

The season was the middle of summer, and between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, Coggle o'Crean, for such was the young Irishman's name, having bestowed great pains on mopping his boat for the reception of the new-comers, had retired into the cottage to attire himself in the best manner which his scanty wardrobe would permit, when Wilkin Windlewaff, who was preceding the travellers on horseback,

arrived at the margin of the river of which we have spoken, and of course came to a stop in his progress.

Wilkin perceived the boat, and a loud "hollo!" on his part brought out from the cottage Coggle's mother, Kathleen.

"Is this the way to the castle?" asked Windlewaff.

"If yourself means Dunfinny castle," replied Kathleen, "the only way there, over the land, is through that bit of water." And after a moment's pause she added, "and pray does yourself belong to the strange folks that are expected there to-night?"

"Yes," returned Wilkin, "I belong to them; they are a mile behind. To be crammed up in a carriage, don't suit a speculative mind like mine; I must see, inspect, behold, view, observe; or how could I draw those calculations, form those plans, devise those improvements, and outline those sketches, with which I shall one day astonish all the world."

"Sure!" cried Kathleen; and not doubting that Wilkin must be one of the new Lord's servants, riding before him to announce his approach, she added without reserve, "Yourself

seems to be quite a man of parts."

"You are right, good woman," answered Wilkin, "you perceive me at once, I find; I am a son of genius."

"I'm sorry for you," returned Kathleen, "for he is the worst of fathers."

"Who is?" asked Wilkin.

"That same ganius, that you spoke about," replied Kathleen; "my boy Coggle calls himself his own truly-begotten son, and he has let him starve all his life long."

"The deuce he has!" cried Wilkin, "why then your son and I are congenial souls: introduce me to him directly, will you?"

"Oh! Coggle is only a poor lad," answered Kathleen.

"Then he is a true son of genius, no doubt," rejoined Windlewaff; "if he had been only an illegitimate, he would probably have been a rich man; for I am sorry to say, that genius is a father who generally provides best for his bastard offspring."

"Here comes the boy of mine," said Kathleen.

As Coggle issued from the cottage, Windlewaff vaulted from his horse. "How do you do?" he exclaimed, addressing him, "I hear you are a clever fellow; and I'll have a little conversation with you whilst my companions are coming up. Hang my horse upon that gate in the mean time, will you?"

"The bridle, I suppose you mean, your honour?" said Coggle.

"Come, that is a good hit of yours," cried Wilkin;" I am pleased with that; I shall like you, I know." He placed himself upon a bench by the door of the cottage, and motioned Coggle to sit down by him; "but I hope I am not detaining you from any employment?" he added.

"Oh, bless you, no," rejoined Coggle; "I have no employ-

ment, though my hands are always full of business.

"That is my case exactly," exclaimed Wilkin; "I am always in a bustle, always busy about something; and yet, somehow, I never do any thing."

"Oh, I understand you," answered Coggle, "you are always

performing what you never accomplish."

"Why, that has been a good deal my way, at present, I confess,' rejoined Windlewaff;" but I am now bent upon devising some grand project, bringing forward some unexampled scheme, which shall for ever establish my fame, as one of the first of Speculators; and as I am an entire stranger in this country, and find that you are not destitute of genius yourself, I shall be very happy to reward you liberally for any pains you may be willing to take in directing my observation to matters worth the investigation of a disposition bent on enquiry, such you find mine to be."

Coggle declared that he should not be less proud, than pleased to become the aid-du-camp of the endeavours of the elaborate genius, to a knowledge of whom the happiest of chances had introduced him; and blessed the day that had brought so condescending a jontleman to his mother's cabin.

Their conversation was interrupted by the galloping of a horse, and, on lifting up his eyes, Wilkin perceived Tim. Dash, who immediately exclaimed, "help! sir, help! for mercy's sake! the chaise has broken down on the top of the hill, and my master and his daughter are both thrown out."

"Pshaw!" grumbled Windlewaff, "my ideas are always interrupted by some foolish accident or another."

"I can't think how they are to get to the castle, sir," continued Dash," for the chaise is smashed all to pieces."

"Why, as they are on the top of the hill, let them roll down to the castle," muttered Wilkin; "for, I see, it stands in the valley below."

"Lard, sir, how you talk!" cried Dash; "night coming on,

too."-Then turning to Coggle, he added," for heaven's sake, Mr. Tom, or Sam, or whatever your name may be, lend me a hand to help them up; or my old master will never get alive to the castle he is come across the seas to inherit."

"What!" ejaculated Coggle, "is it the carriage that is coming to inherit the castle, that is broken down? oh, it is my duty to sarve the new Lord, whether he is a man of talent or not," and away he ran, Dash riding by his side.

"Oh! I am vexed now," cried his mother, looking after him, " for I perceive that he has not turned his stockings the clane side outwards, as I bid him, to appear before the new Lord."

"Oh, never mind that," replied Windlewaff; "in England, your men of genius are half of them dirty, and shabby too, either from choice or necessity." He was now on the point of following Coggle and Dash, to the assistance of his fellowtravellers, but seeing Mrs. O'Crean taking infinite pains to preserve from the hungry bite of a pig, a plant which grew in her garden by the side of the road, and which consisted of a large knot of dark green leaves, he turned round to enquire what curiosity she was defending.

"It is only a clump of horse-radish," she replied; "but I know it has a root as long and thick as your arm; and I don't choose the swine should be after devouring it?

"Bless me, what an astonishing size!" thought Wilkin. "Can you account for its growing so large?" he asked: "any thing particular in the soil?"

"I see it is growing out of a mole-hill," returned Kathleen. "So it is, I declare!" ejaculated Windlewaff. "I'll note that down." He drew forth his common-place book, and wrote-"Horse-radish in Ireland, growing out of a mole-hill, shoots, and swells to the length of a man's arm."-He put his book into his pocket, and stood wrapt in reflection; "what would not a crop of horse-radish, the size of a man's arm, fetch in a roast-beef-eating country, like England!" He paused a mcment: "it was undoubtedly a fine field for speculation; but there was some difficulty attending its execution; first to draw a sufficient number of moles to one spot, and next to contrive that they should raise a mole-hill under each root of horseradish." Kathleen interrupted his meditations-" It was not a mole-hill at all, at all, I perceive," she said, "only a little dust the pig had scratched together round the leaves,"

"Pshaw!" cried Wilkin; "how often do the projects of genius fall to the ground, like a house of cards!"

Old Paul now made his appearance, hobbling towards the cottage, and leaning on the arm of Tim Dash, of whose horse Coggle had undertaken the care. Kathleen brought out a chair, and the old gentleman was placed in it, to recover himself. "Thank Heaven! I am not much hurt," he pronounced, after a few moments' repose; "but these are terrible bad roads. I don't wonder at the chaise breaking down, for every step we set, we came first such a jumb, and then such a bump, that I am sure I was jolted about, till my bones rattled like nuts in a bag, or an ounce of pins wrapt up in whity-brown paper."

"Hush, sir, hush!" whispered Dash in his master's ear.

"Hush, sir, bush?" whispered Dash in his master's ear "What do you mean by that, sirrah?" enquired old Paul.

"Why, sir," replied Tim, "my mistress, my lady, I mean, ordered me to give you a twitch of the elbow every time you spoke of the shop."

" A twitch! what for?" asked Paul.

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"To make you remember to sink the shop, sir, now you are a great man," answered Tim.

"Sink the shop!" echoed Paul, "I won't sink the shop;—the shop raised me, and hang me, if I return such ingratitude to an old friend. I am not ashamed of people knowing I once kept a shop; surely there can be nothing to blush for, at having got up in the world, when so many go down in it without changing colour. Ashamed of having kept a shop, indeed! why I ain't ashamed of having been 'prentice in a shop; ha, ha, ha! you must know," he proceeded, addressing Kathleen, "that when I was 'prentice, I had a pimple on my nose, what you may call a pip; so as my name was Pop, our customers used to laugh and joke, and call me Pip Pop.—I can never help laughing when I think of it; ha, ha, ha! Pip Pop!"

"Now I should have guessed," said Kathleen, "that your honour had *sould* fireworks and crackers, that they kept up such a pip pop with you."

"No, I did not," returned Paul;" but I used to sell Holman's best battle gunpowder, till an accident by means of it happened to my wife, and then she would not let me deal in it any longer. I'll tell you what it was: you must know, one evening, on the fifth of November, as she was weighing out half an ounce of gunpowder to a boy, a spark from the candle

fell into the scale, and the powder whizzed up in Dolly's face, and dashed her cap and wig right smack through the shop-window into the street; and hang me, if the boys had not the impudence to dress Guy Fawkes in it, and blow them up before the house, right under Dolly's nose, as a body may say."

"Oh! and his honour is a nice sociable gentleman," cried Mrs. O'Crean to her son; "long life, say I, to the heir of Dunfinny castle." Coggle echoed her prayer, and it was repeated by a number of peasants whom the travellers' accident

had collected.

"Thank you heartily, good folks," replied Paul; "you are very welcome; I am much obliged to you for your custom—that is, I mean you'll never find me proud amongst you; but bless me!" he added, "I have been sitting prattling here, and never once thought of my daughter.—I heard her say, she was not hurt, but where is she?"

"The gentleman and his servant, sir," answered Dash, "who have been our travelling companions from England, and whose chaise followed your's all the way from Dublin, are

conducting Miss Louisa this way."

This account did not please old Paul; he had observed the gentleman of whom Dash had spoken more attentive to his daughter than he had considered to be consistent with her engagement to her cousin.—" Where is Mr. Windlewaff?" he said, "that he is not with Louisa?"

Dash could not inform him.

Paul looked round for him, but in vain; "Does any body know where a gentleman of the name of Windlewaff is?" he pronounced aloud.

"Does your honour mean a man of parts, as comed here on a horse and a saddle, a little while before your honour?" asked Kathleen.

"Yes, in drab breeches, and a black coat," answered Paul.

"Oh, he is down in a chalk-pit," rejoined Mrs. O'Crean, "your honour may see yonder," and she pointed to the spot as she spoke, "along with two young fellows that he had set a digging to find him a vein of marvel."

"Oh, rot his speculations," cried Paul; "all the time we were sailing on board the ship, whilst he ought to have been in the cabin, attending to my daughter, to whom he is shortly

to be married, was he sitting upon the deck, calculating how many gallons of sea-water it would take to fill the basin in the park, and to provide the Londoners with a salt-bath within the purlieus of their own city."

(To be continued.)

## JULY.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon Unsinews labour. The swinkt mower sleeps; The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain Pitches his load reluctant; the faint steer, Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along The slow encumbered wain in mid-day heat.

3d. Tempus.—Dog-days begin.—These were a certain number of days before and after the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the Dog-star, in the morning. The Dog-days, in our modern almanacks, occupy the time from July 3 to August 11; the name being applied now, as it was formerly, to the hottest time of the year.

15th. St. Swithin.—In the Saxon, Swithum, received his clerical tonsure, and put on his monastic habit, in the old monastery at Winchester: he was of noble parentage, and passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the scriptures. Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, bishop of Winchester; at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the See. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 868.

A Scottish proverb says, in allusion to this day-

St. Swithin's day, gif ye do rain,
For forty daies it will remain:
St. Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
For forty daies 'twill rain na mair.

It is commonly said, if a slight sprinkling of rain fall on this day, that it is St. Swithin christening the apples.

In the Almanacks of Poor Robin, may be found many instructive lines and rules for this day.

ON WET MIDSUMMER WEATHER.

And now sharp hail falls down in hasty sallies, And all the tiles with dancing showers rattle;

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And the fair Jewess hies to sheltered alleys,

To sell her strawberries in brimful pottle;

And farmers praise St. Swithin come again,

To wet the crops with forty days of rain.

The two last lines are agreeable to Virgil's admonition:

Humida solstitia atqua hyemes orate serenas.

We shall conclude this account of St. Swithin's-day with the following explanation attempted by Mr. Howard in his Climate of London:—

"Examination of the popular adage of 'Forty Days' Rain after St. Swithin,' how far it may be founded on fact."

"The opinion of the people on subjects connected with natural history is commonly founded on fact or experience; though, as in this case, vague and inconsistent conclusions are too frequently drawn from real premises. The notion commonly entertained on this subject, if put strictly to the test of experience at any one station in this part of the island, will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observation, I may now state, that in a majority of our summers, a showery period, which, with some latitude as to time and local circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition; not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement. The tradition, it seems, took origin from the following circumstances:-Swithin, or Swithum, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 868, desired that he might be buried in the open church yard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for a saint to lie in a public cemetry, resolved to move his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July; it rained, however, so violently for forty days together at this season, that the design was abandoned. Now, without entering into the case of the bishop, who was probably a man of sense, and wished to set the example of a more wholesome, as well as a more humble, mode of resigning the perishable clay to the destructive elements, I may observe, that the fact of the hindrance of the ceremony by the cause related, is sufficiently authenticated by tradition; and the tradition is so far valuable, as it proves that the summers in this southern part of our island were subject, a thousand years ago, to occasional heavy rains in the same way as at present."

## THE BARRISTER'S TALE.

## Giobanni in the Country.

(Continued from page 316, Vol. XIX.)

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"THE short period of ten days only elapsed between the murder of young De Winton, and the commencement of the Assizes, consequently the public mind was in its first fermentation, and had not had time to subside into calm reflection: the funeral of the grandfather, and grandson, whom the same awful calamity had hurried into a premature grave, tended not a little to augment the popular feeling .- The whole town and country were in a perfect uproar of fury, and loudly expressed their hatred and detestation of the man supposed to have dealt a bodily wound to the young and vigorous, and stricken the aged to the dust, by a more dreadful blow than that which any weapon could inflict. Miss De Winton's situation was spoken of as being pitiable in the extreme; on the first news of her brother's death, she had been seized with a series of fainting fits, which threatened her life, and left her in a state of dreadful exhaustion. She had not quitted her room, or uttered a word to any one, except her favourite attendant; she refused to see any of the numerous visitors at the Hall, who, upon the plea of friendship, or business, requested admittance; and many who came out of kindness, with the wish to console and assist the desolate orphan, and all who were led thither by curiosity, and an officious desire to dictate the line of conduct which they considered most proper for her to pursue, were grievously disappointed.

"Major Luscombe was condemned and executed, by a numerous jury, long before he came into court.—The Hall of justice, on the morning appointed for his legal trial, was crowded to excess, and the majority of the spectators felt little doubt respecting the termination of the cause; and were only curious to observe how the prisoner would behave, when sentence of death was passed upon him. The idea of any other result of the trial, never entered their heads. I must confess, that fear preponderated over hope

even in my breast; so strong a prepossession could not fail to bear its weight upon my mind. The jurors were preprepared to listen to the evidence with jaundiced ears; and even the lawyers from London seemed to think it a clear case; and rested their expectation of saving a gentleman from the gallows, by their dexterity in the detection of some quirk or quibble. I was a little re-assured by the Major's deportment, as he took his place at the bar, clad in black, as became his right situation; his countenance was unclouded, his eyes bright; he walked with a firm and light step; and, though the Judge could not wholly repress a murmur of indignation which ran through the assembly on his appearance, he surveyed the multitude with a calm glance, which expressed more of pity than of indignation, and nothing like a consciousness of desert. He bowed gracefully and respectfully to the Judge and the Jury, and answered 'Not guilty,' with a clear and unfaltering voice. He listened with composure to the charge which was preferred against him, and to the evidence adduced .- The deposition of the gamekeeper, the circumstance of the letter, which might have afforded ample ground for quarrel, and his absence from his house on the night of the murder, were the only facts of consequence which were proved. The judge and counsel had some difficulty in confining the witnesses to such points as they could confirm by oath, for they were for ever launching out into a wide field of conjecture, and suspicion, and hearsay; their evidence, such as it was, however, seemed conclusive; it was circumstantial, and afforded at least presumptive proof against the prisoner, when added to the desire universally attributed to him to revenge himself upon his grandfather.

"The prosecution being closed, the Major was called upon for his defence.—My heart had sunk on observing that he gradually grew very pale during the examination of the witnesses for the crown, especially when his own letter, intended only for the private perusal of a friend, was read in court; it contained no allusion to any previous coldness, and was indeed written in such full confidence of an immediate acknowledgment, of his relationship to the deceased, that I was much astonished to find the impression which it made upon the public mind, and that by the general opinion it was considered a powerful inference, if not a decided proof, of guilt; the pallid hue of his cheeks, which had filled me with conster-

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nation, vanished. As he stepped forward to address the jury, an honest flush suffused his face, and his eye lighted up with even more than its wonted fire. I wish I could do justice to his animated eloquence.—He expatiated upon the misfortunes which had obliged him to endeavour to win the regard of his nearest relations, by concealing his affinity to them, and confessed the error which he had committed in not avowing himself at the moment they sought his acquaintance; he dwelt upon the affection which he bore to young De Winton, and the friendship which had subsisted between them up to the hour of his death; and concluded by declaring, that, though he lamented that he could be suspected of committing so foul a crime, he rejoiced at this public opportunity of clearing his character; and fearlessly threw himself upon the justice of the laws, and the known impertiality of a British jury.

"The appearance of the first witness he called, filled the court with astonishment: it was Miss Agnes De Winton, enveloped in sables, and looking as though every moment would be the last of her life! she ascended the box: she stated, that Major Luscombe had dined at the Manor-house on the day previous to the discovery of her brother's murder; that, wishing to have some private conversation with him upon a subject of great importance to himself, she had detained him when he was about to take leave; and, with the assistance of her maid, had conveyed him into her dressing room, intending, after her father had retired to bed, to consult him on the point in question; that Mr. De Winton, being seized with spasms, she was compelled to remain in his bed-chamber until they abated; yet, expecting every moment to be released from her attendance, she had requested the Major to wait in the house, till she was disengaged, and at leisure to speak to him; that hour after hour, passed away in watching by her father, and it was nearly five o'clock in the morning before she could quit his bedside; that then, finding Major Luscombe asleep upon the sopha, she did not like to disturb him, but ordered her maid to let him out of the house when he should awake; and that, exhausted by sitting up all night, she then retired to rest.

"The servant, a well-educated young woman, apparently of birth and manners much above her situation, corroborated her mistress's testimony; positively swearing, that to her certain knowledge, Major Luscombe was locked up all that night in Miss De Winton's dressing-room, she being constantly going backwards and forwards with messages to him, and never being absent from the apartment a quarter of an hour at a time.

"The butler was next called, and he perfectly recollected seeing Mr. William De Winton quit the house a few minutes before twelve at night, a circumstance not at all remarkable, as he was in the habit of strolling about the Park at all hours: and Jane Crosby, Miss De Winton's maid, being again called in, swore that when the house-clock struck twelve, Major Luscombe was in the dressing-room, and that he took out his own watch, and set it by it, and also altered a dial upon the chimney-piece, which was too fast: she added, likewise, that the body of Mr. William De Winton was brought into the Hall whilst Major Luscombe was still lying asleep; that she herself woke him with the news, and that immediately he heard of the fatal event, he went down stairs, to see if he could be of any assistance.

"The counsel for the prosecution enquired why she had not come forward at the moment, with evidence which would have spared the prisoner his present trial. To this she replied, that, not having an idea that any suspicion would alight upon Major Luscombe, and being in close attendance upon her mistress, who was in a state of distraction at the misfortunes of her family, she was not aware that her testimony had been necessary, until after the magistrate had hurried the Major off to the county jail; and then, as it was not possible for Miss De Winton to attend any fresh examination, she had suffered things to take their course, until the trial obliged them to appear to substantiate the innocence of the person wrongfully accused.

"During a long cross-examination, neither of the witnesses deviated in the slightest degree from their testimony. Miss De Winton fainted twice whilst she was giving her evidence, a circumstance which subjected her to a very strict scrutiny, especially as her insensibility occasioned a discovery that struck every heart with dismay; notwithstanding the extreme caution with which the folds of her dress were arranged, it was evident to all that she would soon become a mother, and the guilt of the seduction was instantly fastened on the prisoner at the bar; but though overwhelmed with the horror of her situation, her testimony was

not to be shaken; she persisted in the same account, and not the least prevarication occurred to impugn its truth.

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"The Judge, in summing up the evidence, so plainly expressed his entire conviction that a clear alibi had been established by credible witnesses, that the Jury could not hesitate in pronouncing a verdict of acquittal. A dead silence reigned in the court as Major Luscombe with a cheerful, yet proud air bowed, and withdrew; not one face, I may say, except my own, and those of the lawyers, was lighted up with pleasure at his escape, for escape it was unanimously termed; 'the Jury,' said these worthies, 'were obliged to give a verdict according to the evidence;' and none scrupled to avow a belief that, that evidence was purchased.—Jane Crosby had been tempted by gold, and Miss De Winton was, soul and body, in the power of the enemy of her house.

"People who had actually thirsted for Major Luscombe's blood, and, if they had been allowed to feast their eyes with his ignominious execution, might, in time, have relaxed from their hatred, and admitted the possibility of his innocence, were now furious at his evasion of the law. higher orders saw in him a deep designing villain, a master spirit, one with a heart to conceive, head to contrive, and a hand to execute the most daring and flagitious schemes of ambition; they saw that he would stop at nothing to overcome the obstacles which impeded his wishes, and that his dexterity would bear him harmless through the perils of guilt. The lower classes, more superstitious, and less able to comprehend such powers of mind, were convinced that he had sold himself to the devil, and was, by this infernal compact, placed for a time above the reach of the common accidents incidental to humanity, secure from the terrors of rope and gun, and exempt from death until the moment he should be claimed by the fiend as his slave.

"A horrible circumstance which ensued almost immediately after the conclusion of his trial, increased the irritation of our little world against the Major; Miss Agnes, agitated and convulsed by the necessity of her appearance in public on so terrible an occasion, brought a dead infant into the world six weeks before its time; her sufferings were dreadful, and were the origin of a brain fever which totally deprived her of her reason."

(To be continued.)

# NOTICE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## HISTORY.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE; with additional Observations on its History, &c. By George Dyer. 2 vols. 8vo.—This work is intended as a supplement to the "History of Cambridge University," for which we have been previously indebted to the pen of the ingenious and indefatigable author of these volumes.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. By M. DE SISMONDI. Translated, with Notes, BY THOMAS ROSCOE. 4 vols. 8vo.—M. de Sismondi is well known, both in this country and on the continent, as the writer of some valuable historical works. That portion of his labours which Mr. Roscoe has made accessible to English readers, possesses a peculiar interest; and the notes of the translator render these volumes superior to the original.

## TRAVELS, VOYAGES, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

TRAVELS IN EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND. The second Edition; with a Journey through Turkey, Greece, &c. By W. RAE Wilson, F. A. S. 8vo.—The author of this volume seems to have surveyed Palestine and the adjacent countries with an enthusiasm somewhat similar to that which actuated the Crusaders. He is an accurate observer, and, where his prepossessions do not interfere, he may be considered as a faithful reporter of the present state of that interesting part of the world which he visited.

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF CAPT. G. F. LYON, during a recent Voyage of Discovery under Capt. Parry. Capt. Lyon has distinguished himself as an explorer of unknown countries, in widely opposite quarters of the globe. Not long before the voyage to which this book relates, he had accompanied Mr. Ritchie, in the African journey, which cost that traveller his life. He has now produced an amusing account of Esquimaux, their customs and manners. Those who wish for scientific details of the late northern expedition, must have recourse to Capt. Parry's Journal; but general readers will find enough in the present work amply to gratify their curiosity.

SIX MONTHS IN MEXICO. By WILLIAM BULLOCK. 8vo.—This work is the production of a gentleman to whom his countrymen are indebted for a great deal of interesting information relative to the treasures of Nature and Art. Recent events have laid Mexico open to the researches of Europeans. Mr. Bullock bas been among the first to avail himself of the circumstance; and has produced a valuable work, which will gratify and instruct those who may have recourse to it.

## BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE; Enquiries into the Originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and Essays on the Ancient Theatres and Theatrical Usages. By Augustine Skottowe. 2 vols. 8vo.—This work belongs rather to the critical, than the biographical, department of literature. The title sufficiently indicates its contents, which present no very strong claims on our attention, either from their novelty or importance.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE; with Specimens of his Poetry and Letters, &c. By James Prior, Esq. 8vo.—Notwithstanding so much has been written relating to Mr. Burke, both by biographers and historians, the author of these "Memoirs," has collected some new and valuable intelligence, especially concerning the early part of Burke's career, which cannot but prove highly acceptable to the admirers of genius.

#### NOVELS.

THE WITCH-FINDER; or, the Wisdom of our Ancestors: a Romance, 3 vols. 12mo.—This is a well written novel, by the author of the "Lollards," and other works of fiction. The story of the "Witch-Finder" is sufficiently interesting; but it is chiefly valuable for the delineations which it affords of the state of society and manners, and of the usages and superstitions, which prevailed in England in the former part of the seventeenth century.

THE INHERITANCE. 3 vols. post 8vo.—Of this work it may be sufficient to state that it is from the pen of the author of "Marriage," a novel which has been praised by the Great Unknown, who has, by general consent of the reading public, been placed at the head of the profession of novel writers.

REDGAUNTLET, A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By the Author of "Waverley," 3 vols,-To give a general character of the admired productions of the writer of these volumes, is no easy task. Like most of his later works, it displays striking beauties and obvious faults. The former, however, greatly preponderate; owing probably to the author having chosen a theme congenial to his feelings. Redgauntlet is the name of a Scottish border family, to which some of the principal actors in the piece belong. They are represented as adherents of the house of Stuart, and as engaging, in the early part of the late king's reign, in plots for the restoration of the exiled race. Many other characters are introduced, which are admirably sustained and well contrasted; and the incidents are numerous, diversified, and amusing. After saying thus much, it is hardly necessary to add, that the work before us, though by no means the best of the Scottish Novels, is far superior to "St. Ronan's Well;" and that it will support, if not extend, the fame of its author.

OURIKA, A TALE, from the French of the Duchess de Duras. 12mo.—The heroine of this tale is a negress, who being transplanted from her native country to France, becomes the victim of grief, arising from an acute sense of her isolated situation, and a hopeless attachment. Her feelings are well depicted; and the story deserves the popularity which it has acquired.

THE FAMILY PICTURE GALLERY, in 4 vols., possesses some merit; but, like the tomes of the Sybil, this tale might be improved

in value by lessening its bulk.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE GILBERT EARL, Esq. Written by himself. Post 8vo. In this work fiction assumes the form of truth. It is, in fact, a novel in disguise: in which some ingenious writer has, by the portraiture of feelings and sentiments, rather than by the relation of surprising adventures, endeavoured to interest and amuse his readers. He has so far succeeded as to make us wish for another specimen of his talents.

#### POETRY.

POETIC VIGILS, By BARNARD BARTON. F. 8vo. There are few readers of poetry but must have had opportunities of forming some judgment of the talents of Mr. Barton; for, besides some separate publications, he has been a general contributor to periodical works. His verses, in our opinion, display more feeling than taste; but though there is an apparent affectation of melancholy which pervades them, they must be deservedly admired for their general elegance of expression, and a strict purity of style and sentiment.

IL PASTORE INCANTATO, the Inchanted Shepherd, a Drama; Pompeii, and other Poems. By a Student of the Temple. 8vo. This volume is said to be given to the world, by the author, under the impression that he shall not long survive its publication. It exhibits abilities sufficient to justify regret that they should be so early lost to society.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, BY THOMAS MAUDE, A. B. 12mo.—This little poem is not deficient in merit, considering that it was written on the spur of the occasion.

## EDUCATION.

A GUIDE TO THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, consisting of Vocabulary, Verbs, Dialogues, and Exercises. Adapted to the use of Young Persons of both Sexes. By Eliz. Appleton, author of Early Education, &c. 1824, 12mo.—This work cannot but be serviceable to those for whom it is intended: but it requires a careful revision, which we hope the compiler will bestow on it, should it reach a second edition.

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Lord Byron.—Mr. Dallas, a literary friend of the late noble poet, has announced his intention of writing his life; memoirs of him may also be expected from another source. These works may gratify public curiosity, but cannot compensate for the loss of his autobiography. The French Sculptor, Flatters, it is said, is about to execute a bust of his Lordship in marble, from a plaster cast taken after his death. M. Delavigne, an eminent poet, intends to publish a Dithyrambe on the death of Lord Byron; and another Frenchman has already consecrated some verses to the memory of departed genius.

Bloomfield.—At the sale of the library of the deceased poet,, at Shefford in Bedfordshire, which recently took place, the autograph MS. of "The Farmer's Boy," sold for £14; that of the "Rural Tales," for £4; and the "Wild Flowers" for £3 10s.

John Clare.—The Northamptonshire poet is, we are told, at present in London, in extremely bad health.

Van Dieman's Land.—There are two newspapers published in this colony—the "Hobart's Town Gazette," and the "Sydney Gazette;" and the latter occasionally contains specimens of Australasian poetry.

Duchess de Broglie.—This lady has lately published, at Paris, a novel intitled "Eveline," which has become exceedingly popular, and appearing anonymously, was at first ascribed to the Duchess de Duras, the author of Ourika. Madame de Broglie is the daughter of the celebrated Madame de Stael Holstein; and appears to inherit a considerable portion of her mother's talents.

Ashantee.—A journal of a residence in Ashantee, is about to be published, by Joseph Dupuis, Esq. lately Envoy and Consul of his Britannic Majesty, in that country, now rendered interesting by the military success of its inhabitants, in their contest with Sir Charles M'Carthy.

Fine Arts.—The sculptured gems and cameos which have descended to us from the Ancients have always been considered as valuable monuments of their taste and genius. Among the various methods of preserving and multiplying these specimens of art, the new invention, called THOMPSON'S MEDALLION WAFERS claims preference, as the most ingenious effective, affording nearly one thousand different subjects, including the most celebrated personages of antiquity, all imitated with the utmost truth and delicacy.

New Music.—Among the musical novelties of the last month, are the airs in the popular drama, "Pride shall have a Fall." Several of the songs are very beautiful; and evince much taste and judgment in the selection. They are every way worthy the patronage of our fair readers.

Rubens.—The celebrated picture of The Last Judgment, painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, is at present exhibited, for the inspection of the Public, on Fish-street-hill. It is one of the finest productions of his pencil, and affords a powerful example of the triumph of art.

# EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR JUNE, 1824.

THE Palace of his Majesty, in Pall Mall, has been in danger of destruction from fire. On Tuesday the 8th inst. shortly after the arrival in town of the King, from Windsor, a room adjoining the great hall, was discovered to be in flames. Messengers were instantly dispatched for fire-engines; which speedily arriving, the conflagration was subdued without doing any injury, except to the apartment, furniture, and decorations, where it originated. Unfortunately, however, among the latter, were some fine portraits by Hoppner, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, which have been irreparably damaged. The accident appears to have been owing to the placing some candles on a table under a chandelier, which was enveloped in a linen bag. This taking fire, communicated the flames to the room. The King, wearing a forage cap, went afterwards to take a view of the apartment, and a watchman in St. James's-street, not recognizing his sovereign, seized him as a suspicious character: an incident, which, it is said, highly diverted his Majesty. At Ascot races, on the 15th, and three following days, the King was present, and seemed much interested in the sports.

Parliamentary Intelligence.—The Earl of Harrowby, in the House of Lords, on the 1st of the month, brought up the report of a Committee on the late disturbances in Ireland; which will probably be followed by some new legislative enactments relative to that country.—On the 19th, the Bill to repeal the Act for preventing the emigration of Artizans, and the Shipping Duties Bill, were read for the third time, and passed; as also was the Bill for erecting new Churches. The Bill for amending the Law of Merchants was postponed; and one relating to the County Courts in Lancashire, was thrown out.

The affairs of Ireland have also undergone discussion in the House of Commons; but the attention of that assembly has been peculiarly occupied with the case of Mr. Smith, the Missionary, at Demerara. On the 1st of the month, Mr. Brougham made a long, able, and eloquent speech on the subject, introductory to a motion for an Address to his Majesty, stating that "the House viewed with deep regret the violation of law and justice in the case of Mr. Smith; and praying his Majesty to adopt measures to secure a just and humane administration of the law in Demerara." Sir J. Mackintosh supported his motion, and Mr. Wilmot Horton and Mr. Scarlet opposed it. It was postponed till the 11th, when, after a second debate, the motion was negatived by a majority of only 47.—A Bill for the formation of an Equitable Loan

Company has been passed. The Pawnbrokers of London have taken an alarm at this measure, as destructive of their trade; in consequence of which the advocates for the measure have published a statement, whence it appears that the capital of the Company will be two millions sterling, to be employed in loans on personal effects, at such a rate of interest that the dividends of the proprietors shall never exceed 1 per cent.—Bills to reverse the Acts of Attainder against Lord Stafford, and four Scottish peers, have passed.—A Petition from the Merchants of London, for the recognition of the new governments of South America, was presented on the 14th, by Sir J. Mackintosh; and after some observations, ordered to be printed. On the 17th, Mr. Canning moved the committal of a Bill to authorize an exchange of some of our possessions in the East Indies with the Dutch. On the 25th, Parliament was prorogued by his Majesty in person.

DOMESTIC EVENTS .- The shocking fate of the Aëronaut Harris, has not deterred other adventurers. On the 2d inst., Mr. and Mrs. Graham ascended in a balloon from White Conduit House Gardens, and descended, after an excursion of an hour and forty minutes, near Cuck-On the 17th, Mr. G. again ascended, attended by field in Sussex. Captain Beaufoy, of the Coldstream Guards; and, after an aerial voyage of little more than one hour, alighted at Tonbridge, about one mile from Godstone .- Mr. Rossiter, one of the Committee for con lucting the ascent of the unfortunate Harris, has also announced his intention of ascending in his deceased friend's balloon, for the benefit of the Widow and Family.-Miss Phæbe Darfitt, a young lady of respectable connections, was found drowned, in the New River, near Hornsey. It appeared that she had become insane, in consequence of a slighted attachment, and had committed suicide.—At the Old Bailey Sessions, on the 5th, William Whalley and William Conolly, were found guilty of stealing bank notes from letters transmitted by post.—In the Sheriff's Court at Dublin, M. G. Moore, esq. in an action for Criminal Conversation. against the Hou. Col. Fitzgibbon, obtained a verdict with £6000 damages.

The Managers of the Mendicity Society have recently brought before the Magistrates at Marlborough-street, a person calling himself Frederick William Hawkins, esq., who, with a man named Edward Jephson, and others, is charged with procuring contributions from the Nobility and Gentry, by a systematic scheme of deception. Hawkins has since been arrested, and imprisoned for debt.

Mr. W. Robinson, a young gentleman of fortune, articled to an attorney, has been taken into custody, and committed to Newgate; charged with robbing, in a most audacious manner, various shopkeepers of jewellery, books, carpenters' tools, clothes, &c. The master and other friends of this gentleman, conceive the accusations against him to be founded in mistake, and anticipate his acquittal.—A most diminutive child, lately exhibited

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in Bond-street, under the name of Miss Crachami, the Sicilian dwarf, having died, the person who had the care of her, disposed of the body to Sir Everard Home, who sent it to the college of surgeons. The father of the unfortunate child has since arrived in London in search of her; and the exhibitor has made his escape abroad.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

At Mr. Elliston's benefit, on the 7th of this month, the attraction of Madame Catalani's singing, was added to the dramatic entertainments of the evening; which consisted of The Hypocrite, The Liar, and Two Wives. The house was extremely crowded. Several other benefits have since taken place. At that of Mr. Liston, was performed what the playbills term "The new, splendid drama of The Revolt of the Greeks, or the Maid of Athens;" a piece which has been played every night since.—On the 22nd, the Comedy of The Poor Gentleman was acted, when Dowton succeeded Munden as Sir Robert Bramble; and proved himself no mean rival of his predecessor.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Sinclair's benefit here on the 22nd inst., afforded a grand musical treat to the audience. A new Comedy intitled, "Charles the Second," has been performed at this house; it is an amusing trifle, and is said to be altered from one of Mr. T. Dibdin's Dramas, formerly exhibited at the Surrey Theatre. A very indifferent melo-drama, called "The Castellan's Oath," has lately been performed at this Theatre; and also a new farce called "My Own Man;" the latter, which is from the pen of Mr. Peake, appears to be borrowed from the Lying Valet.—The Tragedy of Richard the Third was performed on the 17th, for the purpose of introducing to a metropolitan audience, a Mr. Kent, in the principal character of the Drama; his abilities appear to be hardly equal to the task of supporting first-rate tragic characters.

#### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house was opened for the season on the 13th inst. The principal novelty of the evening, a new Prelude, intitled "Come, if You can;" was a trifling production, and was justly condemned; but it served to introduce to this stage, Mr. Wilkinson; a good and well-known actor in low comedy, from the English Opera. The Lord of the Manor was the next part of the evening's entertainment, in which two or three new performers of no great merit, made their appearance.

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Fashionable Walking & Luner Drefres for July

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# MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JULY, 1824.

#### WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of pale lilac gros de Naples, with a high standing collar; the tops of the sleeves and the breast are finished with broad-leaved sea-weed, and confined with a broad satin welt. The sleeve is cut very full towards the wrist, and is confined by three satin welts, to correspond with the top. The skirt is trimmed and faced with velvet of the same colour. Bonnet of white gros de Naples, of the Mary Stuart style, tastefully trimmed with the same material, intermixed with lilac flowers. With this bonnet is worn a large veil of Urling's lace.

#### DINNER DRESS.

A dress, composed of blue silk, finished at the border with a broad welted hem, surmounted by two deep flounces of Urling's lace, and headed by a festooned rouleau; the body is of blue satin, with puffings of crape on the bust, confined in the centre with a satin star. The sleeves are short and full, and trimmed to correspond, with a puckering of rich lace.—Necklace and ear-rings of oriental pearl. Head-dress: the hair is arranged in full curls on each side of the face. The turban is composed of French gauze, brought in rich folds in the front part of the head, and intermixed with pearls, and gold and silver leaves: this fanciful and graceful turban is completed by a large rosette, and silver tassels, suspended on the right side of the head.—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The heavy rains, and unusual coldness of the weather, during the greater part of the month of June, have greatly retarded that display of fashion which we naturally look for at this gay season. White dresses are, in consequence, but little in favour; unless they are worn under pelisses of light fawn colour, or Swedish blue; and even then we can scarcely distinguish the white; for the pelisses fasten close down in front, either with buttons, or very small spring clasps, underneath the folds: though the most prevalent manner of fastening them is by bows of riband. One favourite ornament for pelisses is matted satin, well raised and wadded. High dresses of coloured gros de Naples, are much in request for the carriage, and public promenades. They are, for the most part, trimmed round the border with two separate rows of very rich triple foliage: the body is made plain, with a pelerine cape, trimmed in the same manner as the border; the tops of the sleeves are extremely full, but have no ornament, though some we have observed with a full bow of the same material confined in the middle.

The bonnets, when made of silk, are in the Mary Stuart form; the colour most admired is pink. Leghorn hats, which are now very generally worn, are of a large size, and bend over the forehead: some are beautifully ornamented with moss roses; the moss is made of down feathers, and greatly resembles the real moss. Others are trimmed with gauze of the same colour, intermixed with broad sarsenet. In general, however, hats and bonnets have very little trimming, but are ornamented in a style of great simplicity, with a rich riband, corded or watered, of a fine summer colour; the strings are also of the same material. For white bonnets, the favourite ornaments are curled ostrich feathers, and plumes of marabouts.

White gros de Naples, and gossamer satin, are the favourite materials for evening dresses. These dresses are made low; the sleeves, when long, are full, and of a transparent texture: this is chiefly apparent in white satin dresses; and then the sleeves are of lace, crêpe lisse, or figured tulle. For evening

parties, coloured silk dresses are generally worn, and these have short sleeves. White dresses of embroidered cambric, when worn as out-door costume, are generally accompanied with a spencer of coloured gros de Naples. Spencers are now beginning to be very prevalent; and this will, of course, cause white to be more generally worn.

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The married ladies' head-dresses chiefly consist of cornettes, pointed on the forehead, and extending wide over each temple, by which means the hair is displayed in rich clusters of artificial flowers of every variety: and grouped together in the most tasteful form, embellish these elegant head-dresses.—The Caledonian caps of blue satin, with feathers of the same colour, are extremely beautiful and becoming for young ladies of fair complexion, and are much admired for friendly parties. The Arabian turban, of white, or coloured crape, very tastefully rolled, is also a favourite evening head-dress. Diadems of pearls, without any other ornament, are in great estimation with ladies who have fine dark hair.—In jewellery, coral necklaces are much worn.—The most fashionable colours are violet, lilac, Swedish blue, pink, and rose colour.

#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Pelisses of pink satin are greatly admired by the fair fashionables of Paris, who, at this gay season of the year, vie with each other in the beauty, taste, and variety of their splendid dresses. Those pelisses are invariably trimmed with white, either in satin, or en pluche de soie; they are worn without collars, and are surmounted at the throat with a ruff of lace, very full plaited. Spencers are now much in vogue; they are made with plain backs, and ornamented with matted satin. With these spencers are worn white cambric dresses, ornamented with embroidered work, representing feathers. Pelisses of gros de Naples are also very prevalent; these fasten down the front, and are of the most beautiful colours, appropriate to the season.

Rose-coloured crape hats, adorned with lilacs, and Leghorn, with Parma violets, are in great request. Leghorn hats have broad clouded ribands round the crown, and strings of the same; the flowers worn with these consist of a branch of lilac, or green holly. Young ladies wear very large Leghorn hats, called "The Pilgrim's hat," which are very becoming.

Rose-coloured, or white, satin hats, have a puffing of riband or chenille underneath; the brims are large; they are turned up in front, and cut away at the ears, where a satin rosette is placed in the vacancy. They are ornamented with four long flat feathers, which pass along the crown, and hang down very low over the shoulder. The newest carriage hat is in the Spanish form. It is made of crape of two colours; that is, clouded. Bonnets of white sarsnet are tied down with a fichu, en marmotte; and Caledonian bonnets are placed considerably on one side.

Barège silks are much admired for evening dresses: the sleeves are full; and when made long, are confined by five or six bracelets. Belts are worn instead of sashes; these are fastened with a gold buckle, or one of beautifully polished steel. Chinese crape, of a pouçeau colour, trimmed with white blond, is also a favourite evening dress. Blouses are still in fashion; but instead of the fulness of the drawn body being in front, the plaits are thrown on each side; these dresses are of clear muslin, embroidered between broad tucks, with coloured crewel: the patterns represent various summer flowers.

Head-dresses á la Polonaise, consist of Glauvina pins fixed on the hair, at their full length. Toques of Barège tartan silk are much worn; but the most favourite head-dress for young persons, consists of the hair, elegantly arranged, and encircled by a wreath of Japanese roses.

The favourite colours are *pouçeau*, lilac, chesnut brown, pale blue, jonquil, pink, and rose colour.

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# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

# THE GRAVE OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

The gentlest pair that ever roved the earth
Now low, but beautiful in death! are laid;
Join'd by the ties which link'd them from their birth,
The luckless lover and the faithful maid—
When by unfeeling and false friends betray'd,
Found in a cloister's quiet cell their Goo—
To whom—together, though apart they pray'd,
Who led them in the pious path they trod,
And taught them thankfully to kiss the rod.

Ye dwellers in gay bow'rs and palace-halls!
See how the lamp that lit them to the tomb
Dispell'd the darkness of monastic walls—
Cheer'd all the chillness of their dungeon's gloom,
And soften'd down their solitary doom:
When fond affections equal fondness meet,
No vain regrets can ever there find room;
The breast reposes on the thought, replete
With an assurance so sublime and sweet.

Their mutual passion was immortal, pure,
Never by mortal powers to be riven;
In that consoling confidence secure—
Resting their hopes of happiness on Heaven,
To them the fortitude was kindly given
To part asunder in their early youth—
To this last refuge by unkindness driven:
Affording instance of that oft-proved truth,
"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."

Their's was no common passion! but a fine
Unearthly essence of ethereal love;
An emanation of that spark divine
In mercy shed upon us from above,
To purify our spirits—to remove
From out our natures every gross alloy,
And taint of human frailty, which might prove
A bar to the fruition of that joy,
Reserv'd for the beatified on high.

When on the fire that trembles through our frame
Religion sheds its heav'n-descended light—
Kindling within an hallow'd, holy flame,
Which fortune's breath can ne'er extinguish quite,
Then are our sympathies excited right—
Then, like this couple, may we smile at pain:
But, oh! for two so starry and so bright
The world, alas! may sigh full long in vain—
Scarce can such hearts exist on earth again.

They fled from out a crowd too cold—too wise

For souls untutor'd in its wiles—and rife
With aspirations of their kindred skies,
Cherish'd in solitude their life of life:
Oh! happy they, to shun the ceaseless strife
They feel that in the ways of mankind tread!
Though wretched Abelard ne'er call'd her wife,
She sought his bosom in that narrow bed
Wherein the weary lay in peace their head.

Soft on their silent pillow let them rest—
Calm and unconscious of their slumber deep,
Until the trumpet which shall wake the blest
Summon them joyful from their dreamless sleep,
To bliss ordain'd for spotless saints, who weep
Out of much sorrow.—Ye! whose tears deplore
Their adverse lot, remember still to keep
Your vows to Heav'n entire—that ye may soar,
Where Faith and Constancy shall mourn no more.

May 2d, 1824.

## TO MY BELOVED WIFE ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

This day should not, as other days
Come, and depart, without a line
To speak my own dear Anna's praise:

Be that delightful pleasure mine.

Some years have now elaps'd, my love, Since in the holy bond of joy, Life's mutual hopes and fears to prove, We first began with fond employ.

Like all the world, our course has been A mixture of delight and grief; But when deep woe has fill'd the scene, Unshaken love has brought relief.

When death seem'd hov'ring o'er my bed,
And even hope had pass'd away;
When soon 'twas thought 'midst kindred dead,
My form would mingle with the clay;

Then o'er my pillow thy blest form
With angel-kindness bent, to prove
How much affection still could warm,
How much could be endured by love!

Heav'n heard thy sigh, thy constant prayer, Which begg'd a blessing on my head; And gave me back to thy fond care, And snatch'd me almost from the dead.

Thankfulness then to heav'n and thee,
Is the first feeling of my breast;—
May all thy future moments be
With health, with peace, with comfort, blest.

And may our children, dear one, prove
A solace in the hours of age;
May they return us love for love,
When life has reach'd its latest page.

March 5th, 1824.

J. M. LACLY.

## THE HEBREW'S LAMENT.

O MINSTREL, take thy harp, and sing,
Of days long since gone by;
Touch, oh touch, the hallow'd string;
Wake the lyre's melody.
My soul is sad, the rising grief
O'erswells my bursting heart;
Touch, touch the string to give relief,
And bid my grief depart.

Sing, how my lovely Esther smil'd,
Just like the op'ning rose;
When first the dawning sunbeams mild,
Its blushing tints disclose.
The heavenly tear which pity drew
For sorrows not her own,
How in her eye of sapphire's hue,
Like glistening dew, it shone.

Sing, how by Jordan's gliding stream,
We, hand in hand, have stray'd;
I did not of misfortune dream,
Nor did the lovely maid.
We knew not what misfortune meant;
It ne'er had cross'd our path;
But soon the bitter lore was learnt,
Decreed by heav'nly wrath.

Sing, of the holy temple, where
Jehovah Lord was prais'd;
How, where our God was worshipp'd, there
A heathen altar's rais'd.
How, by the Babylonish crew,
We from our homes were torn;
And how the persecuted Jew
Must bear the heathen's scorn.

But sing no more, lest at the thought, My tortur'd brain should turn, And I, with raging madness fraught, At Heaven's command should spurn. Or, if thou e'er again wilt sing,
Be it of heavenly joys;
How the freed soul, on blissful wing,
Shall mount to purer skies.

FREDERIC.

## CHARADE.

My first with terror's awful wing,
The guilty wretch o'ershades,
And direst thoughts, with iron cling,
His guilty soul pervades.

Oft, to secure my ruling last,
My whole, mankind will make;
And though too oft with fraud o'ercast,
Will seldom this forsake.

M. A. BARLOW.

#### ANSWER

TO MR. LACEY'S CHARADE IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

SAY, is not a gala a brilliant display
Of all that is splendid, delightful, and gay?
I surely have guess'd it in part;
Though, like Mr. Lacey, I'll ever maintain
That a circle of friends, where affection can reign,
Gives sincerer delight to the heart.

For rather would I round the sociable board,
Which contentment with ev'ry enjoyment has stored,
Partake conversation and tea;
And though some old maids in our village may deem,
That scandal is requisite with it, as cream,
With them I can never agree.

Though greatly deficient in classical lore,
And unused its mysterious depths to explore,
I think I this riddle have found;
Galatea made the wretch, Polyphemus, adore,
(That horrible monster who lived upon gore,
And spread devastation around,)

Louisa.

#### Births.

In Sergeant's Inn, the lady of W. Taunton, esq. of a daughter. In Old Broad-street, the lady of Dr. Birkbeck, of a daughter In Spanish-place, the lady of Warner Ottley, esq. of a son.

#### Marriages.

The Hon. Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Fitzclarence, daughter of the Duke of Clarence.

At Milford, Hants, J. Kingsmill, esq. of Cavendish-square, to Eliza, only surviving daughter of the late Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart. of Sidmonton-house, in the same county.

By special licence, at Orby Hunter's, esq. in Grosvenor-place, Capt. G. Wombwell, to Miss Orby Hunter.

At Chapelizod, Ireland, Francis Synge Hutchinson, esq. only son of Sir S. Synge Hutchinson, Bart. to Louisa Frances, youngest daughter of the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson-

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Joseph Dixon, esq. of Hatton-garden, to Louisa, youngest daughter, of Robert Patten, esq.

#### Beaths.

At Richmond, on the 2d inst. J. C. Hoffman, eldest son of the late C. G. Hoffman, esq. of Bishopsgate street.

John, youngest child of the Right Hon. Lord Milton, M.P.

In Lower Grosvenor street, Lord Henry Thomas Molineux Howard, M. P. brother to the Duke of Norfolk, and Deputy Earl Marshal of England.

At Walton on Thames, Henry Charles, only son of the Hon. H. G. Bennet, M. P.

At Chelsea, Madame Riego, widow of the late patriotic Spanish General; who was executed by order of Ferdinand, for his attachment and services to the constitutional government.

At Oxford, Dr. Wall, Clinical Professor in that University.

The Hon. Gerard Tornour, son of the late Lord Winterton.

At Montcallier, Capel Loft, esq. the early friend and Patron of the late Poet, Bloomfield.

At Fintry, Stirlingshire, Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 13 children, 53 grandchildren, and 40 great grandchildren; total 106.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Lines by Rebecca S- are approved.

Frederic will perceive that his communications are received, and for his encouragement, we beg to say, we shall be glad to enrol him among our frequent contributors.

M. L. R. will find a letter at the publishers. - We know she can write well-

Tyro's Rhymes have been received. We regret that our estimate of their merit is not more flattering to his Muse than that which his own judgment had previously pronounced.

Britannia's proposal will be considered.

The Essays of Mrs. H-, Anne B-, and H. H. are received.

I. W. C.'s Verses are under consideration.

Louisa's communication is received.—We hope to receive the remainder of the Tale in time for our next number.

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Engraved from an Granual Painting by I. Weelneth.

Lord George Gordon Byron.

Pub. Aug Carbo Lby Down to Manday Throadneedle Street.